

# TAGE & SCREEN NUMBER!!





## How to buy Peace of Mind

In the Everyone could afford it there is little doubt that the super-safety built into the Goodyear Double Eagle Tire would travel with everyone who rides. As it is, this special quality of Double Eagle excellence appeals beyond price more and more to those who place first value on the security of their loved ones and on their own peace of mind. The growing recognition of the Double Eagle's unequaled quality, stamina and durability has happily made this great tire's price lower than was originally believed possible. Because so many have found it better to afford the Double Eagle, you now can have the premium values of this magnificent tire at a cost substantially less than its outstanding quality might lead you to expect.



The DOUBLE EAGLE by

GOODFYEAR



# Why Aunt Elizabeth changed her will

AUNT Elizabeth, Lizzie, behind her back, was a fussy old maid. But she owned oil wells and it was up to Helen and Fred to be nice to her when she came to visit.

So they put her in the back seat of their sedan and started merrily for the country club.

Now Fred was fond of fresh air so he kept all the windows open and the cold wind cut didoes on the back of the old lady's neck.

As soon as she could shed the mustard plaster, Aunt Elizabeth took herself back to Oklahoma in a fury. She died two months later and left all her money to the heathen.

Everything might have been different if Fred had only had the foresight to buy a car with Fisher No Draft Ventilation. With such protection legacies are safe because no draft can take liberties with the necks of old ladies or blow cigar ash in your employer's eye.

The moral is, buy a car that is equipped with a Fisher Body and No Draft Ventilation. Only General Motors cars have this exclusive advantage.



NO DRAFT VENTILATION

on GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY: CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE BUICK · LA SALLE · CADILLAC

## LIFE Presents The "Stage & Screen" Numler A Super-Gigantic, Terrifically Colossal Masterpiece Featuring Many Famous Entertainers Also Selected Short Subjects Note: If you enjoy this issue, leave your name and address at the box office and we will mail you future programs LIFE, 60 E. 42nd St., N.Y.C. Please send me LIFE for a year. I'm enclosing (or bill me) \$1.50. (Canadian and foreign: \$2.10.) Name Address

# Life

OCTOBER: 1933

-IN THIS ISSUE-

Cover modelled in soap by Lester Gaba for direct color camera

Life's Calendar		5
Books		6
Our First Lady		8
"Some of the People"	*	9
Sinbad		15
Our Own Newsreel .		23
From Me to You .		28
Queerespondence .		30
Theatre		34
Bridge Hand No. 7.		36
Crossword Puzzle .		40
Movies		42
"Stop & Go" Service		44
Such is Life!		48

Published by
LIFE MAGAZINE, INC.
60 E. 42nd St., New York
FRED. G. FRANCIS,
Chairman of the Board
CLAIR MAXWELL, President
HENRY RICHTER, Treasurer
GEORGE T. EGGLESTON,
Editor
GURNEY WILLIAMS,
Associate Editor

Live is published monthly, in the United States, Great Britain. Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. The text and illustrations in Live are copyrighted. For Repsint rights in Great Britain apply to Live. Rolls House, Breams Buildings, Fetter Lane, London, E. C., England. The foreign trade supplied from Life's London Office, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, London, E. C.

Notice of change of address should reach this office one mouth prior to the date of issue to be affected. All communications should be addressed to LIFE, Lincoln Bldg., 60 East 42nd St., New York. Yearly Subscription Rate; U. S., \$1.50; Canada, \$2.10; Foreign, \$2.10.



"There's a little theatre movement going on around here."

# Park Lane

A HOTEL OF DISTINCTION 299 Park Avenue 48th to 49th Streets, New York

### MR. THEODORE TITZÉ

of the Castle Harbour Hotel. Bermuda, will have full charge of Park Lane's restaurants, ballrooms and all outside catering. This distinctive addition to the management of this famous hotel is of major importance to those planning weddings, receptions, débutante parties, teas or other social affairs to be held during the coming season. And naturally, the residents of Park Lane as well as the occasional visitor will doubly enjoy the dayby-day, added pleasures and surprises of an already notable cuisine.

#### SUITES

whether for a transient stay or for year-round residence, enjoy every detail of the faultless Park Lane service. Each suite has a foyer, serving pantry and many have dressing rooms. Charmingly furnished, visitors have a choice of several styles by famous decorators. Ideal background for an impressive and pleasureful visit. In addition, Park Lane is fortunately located near transportation centers, and at the heart of social activities, making this a most convenient address for a full round of pleasure or business.

Descriptive literature and rates on request

HARRY TAIT THEODORE TITZÉ
General Manager
Director

299 Park Avenue, New York Telephone Wickersham 2-4100

# Strange vistas unfold . . .

# AROUND THE WORLD FRANCONIA

WITH HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON



ork

Let these names, even in cold black on white, tell you what beauty and strange wonders will stir your heart on this unique voyage of the Franconia

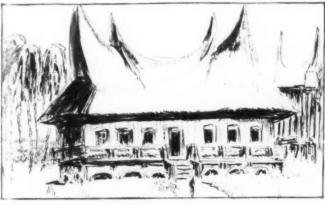
around the Southern Hemisphere . . . South Sea Islands: Tahiti and Rarotonga, Samoa, Viti Levu in the Fiji group . . . New Zealand and Australia . . . Papua in New Guinea and Kalabahai on almost unknown Alor Island.

Hendrik Willem van Loon, author of "van Loon's Geography" . . . in addition to a staff of world-cruise experts! Mr. van Loon's informal and whimsically witty talks on board will be like another masterpiece reserved for you alone . . . bringing to this voyage already outstanding by its route and its ship a new and sophisticated note!

The Franconia completely reconditioned for this cruise will be more re-

> splendent and more luxurious than ever. Be aboard her ... this vear's rates make it possible at scarcely more than stay-athome expense. \$1200 up without shore excursions for the whole voyage of 141 days New York to New York; \$1700 up including shore ex-

cursions. (Passengers joining the cruise on the Pacific Coast receive an allowance of \$100 to \$125). Compare that with what you spend in just an ordinary winter-and-spring at home!



"Javanese chieftains build for coolness as well as comfort."

The Franconia visits, too, Bali and Java, Singapore, Penang, India, Ceylon . . . turns southward again into the m w, the unknown . . . to the tiny paradise of Mahe in the Seychelles . . . to Madagascar and the lush, polyglot, many-colored East Coast of Africa . . . to South Africa . . . South America!

And to make these glamorous, contrasting visions real and significant . . . to give them body and meaning and a place in the world of today and tomorrow . . . you will have as fellowexplorer and lecturer extraordinary



"You will be going on board a ship that is to take you across more than thirty-seven thousand miles of open sea as unconcernedly as you would take the ferry to Staten Island or the Broadway Limited to Chicago or the Royal Scot to Edinburgh. You realize that it may take a good deal of careful navigating to bring you back to where you sailed from. But that is the Captain's business. He has his compasses and his chronometers and his sextants and his charts and his wireless and his under-water signals. Let him do the work.

"But sometime during this trip you might spend a night on deck. Then during the many hours of perfect silence, the sea may tell you secrets you had never sus-pected, and in the morning when unseen islands slowly emerge from the vastness of the horizon and the rays of the sun touch the summit of some hazy mountain range, you will experience a mystery that will remain with you till the end of your days. You will have been present at the Story of Creation."

Herank Willem von Loon

ONLY AROUND-THE-WORLD CRUISE TO THE SOUTH SEAS AND THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE, VISITS

Jamaica\* Panama Los Angeles
Hawaiian Islands
South Sea Islands
South Sea Islands
(Tahiti\*, Rarotonga\*, Apia\*, Suva\*)
New Zealand\* Australia\* New Guinea\*
Dutch East Indies
(Kalabahai\*, Bali, Java)
Straits Settlements and Malaya
(Singapore, Penang)
India Ceylon Seychelles\*
East Africa (Mombasa\*, Zanzibar\*)
Madagasear\*
South Africa
(Durban\*, Port Elizabeth\*, Cape Town\*)
South America
(Montevideo\*, Buenos Aires, Santos\*,
Rio de Janeiro\*)
Barbados\*
\*Franconia is the only world cruise to call here.

Franconia sails from New York January 9th, from Los Angeles January 24th. Prospective passengers may obtain the fascinating 80-page booklet "A V oyage of Re-Discovery", containing Mr. van Loon's own personal and aptly illustrated story of the cruise . . . your local agent or

#### CUNARD LINE

25 Broadway, New York

#### THOS.COOK & SON

587 Fifth Avenue, New York

Let it pour CANADA DRYS SPARKLIN WATER lithlated ultra violet ray 5 TO 8 FULL GLASSES SPARKLE FORTH FROM THIS BIG LOW-PRICED BOTTLE Your money goes considerably farther when you use Canada Dry's new Sparkling Water. Just look at all the long, tall drinks you Your money goes considerably farther when you use Canada Dry's you make the long, tall drinks you use Sparkling water. Just look at all the long, tall drinks its the long, tall drinks you. It keeps its the Sparkling water. Just look at all the compare it keeps its mew Sparkling of this big silver bottle! at any price. Canada Dry's an pour out of this big setter water at any and by Canada more and you can't buy a better water at any and you can't buy a Because it's made by Canada more sparkle—even overnight.

Sparkle—even of spin-point' carbonation. There's a lot more sparkle—even of into it.

Tang and zip put into it. A Full 28-ounce Bottle only 20c... Plus 5c Bottle Deposit Slightly higher in a few places where freight rates do not permit return of bottles

p.

4



Live high over Central Park in a beautifully appointed apartment, decorated in charming private-home taste . . . Entire floors and smaller suites of one to four rooms...boudoir dressing-rooms and serving pantries.



By the day, month or year

AT THE

#### SHERRY-NETHERLAND

on Central Park . . . New York

Fifth Avenue at 59th Street

#### CONTENTS NOTED

By Kyle Crichton



best biography of the year, taking the hide off the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Hamilton, inch by inch. Mr. Mellon has stated publicly that he does not care for it and I don't blame him. What makes it so devastating is that Mr. O'Connor has done a thorough job of it. It is not muck-raking. Every fact is carefully documented and he has even soft-pedaled the personal scandals (the Mellon divorce) which has been bruited about before in any but a pleasant fashion. He submits that the Mellons are our wealthiest family, exceeding even the Rockefellers and Fords, and he asks the point of it. Why pile up all that money? Why ruin everybody that stands in the way? Pittsburgh itself is one of the most hideous cities. Every Mellon-owned industrial town is an abomination. Just what is the price we pay for the art treasures of a Frick or a Mellon?

#### Romantic Cuba

We get an idea of the price paid in other books. Carleton Beals has written *The Crime of Cuba* (Lippincott) and it is with difficulty that I restrain my

enthusiasm for the book and my indignation. The crime of Cuba is the crime of American banking and American industrial greed. Cuba is literally an enslaved nation, a nation dying before our eyes because of an unholy combination between American big business and the ruling families of Cuba who are more concerned with their villas in France than with the fate of their people. What is gained by overthrowing a Machado if a Cespedes or a Menocal is to follow? They are of the same stamp, great plantation owners worried about their sugar profits.

dri

En

En

sno

Mr

He

dir

the

Ve

lio

fur

me

20

ple

you

tru

jus

ph

call

rap

las

low

mar

yet

уоц

am

deat

of

Mis

O.V

rible

to c

Ron

lou

he ism

tion:

for mere

patri

olies

#### Romantic England

THEN one thinks of England it is the England of Galsworthy and Walpole, the England of the thatched cottage and pleasant lanes and manicured landscape. But it seems there is another England, the England of Glasgow and Liverpool, the cotton weavers of Lancashire, the coal miners of Wales. Pat O'Mara writes about it in Irish Slummy (Vanguard). The horror of life in the Liverpool slum can scarcely be imagined. Mr. O'Mara's writing reminds one of the early Gorki. It is a great piece of work, a scarifying and brutally honest depiction of the life of his family. You will not find it pretty; the love interest is not that of white-flanneled young men



Literary Possibilities:
William Faulkner is confronted by some of his characters.

drinking tea on the lawn; but it is England, the exploited and pitiful England which holds up the entire snebbish structure of English nobility. Mr. O'Mara is a man to be watched. He is a Baltimore taxi-driver and he has no right to do a book as extraordinary as this one; that should be left to gentlemen with Oxford accents.

#### Romantic Nonsense

ndig-

rime

n in-

en-

fore

mbi-

ness

who

illas

heir

OW-

or a

the

ners

En-

d of

and

sant

at it

the

. the

coal

ird).

pool

Mr.

the

ork,

pic-

will

st is

If you should attempt to contrast the buying by an industrialist of a

Vermeer costing a million dollars with the further fact that his men work twelve hours a day seven days a week, you will find many people who don't follow you. I am sure that Gertrude Stein, who has just written her biography in a very clever way, calling it the Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas (Harcourt), thus al-

lowing Miss Stein to tell the world how marvelous Miss Stein happens to be and yet remain modest, would not follow you. Miss Stein does not say so but I am certain that she would prefer the death of a million Spaniards to the loss of Picasso. There is little chance that Miss Stein would be moved by Mr. O'Mara's book or by Mr. Beals's terrible picture of Cuba. It would be hard to convince Miss Stein that there was anything very wrong about a people who could invent the rhumba.

#### Romantic Foolishness

MR. BEVERLY NICHOLS is a bright young Englishman who hates war and has written a book Cry Havoc! (Doubleday-Doran) to waken us to its imminence. It is a lau lable attempt but it is made ridiculous by Mr. Nichols's own stupidity. The next war will ruin civilization and all preparations are being made for it, he ries. But what makes wars? Patriotism, says Mr. Nichols. And how are we to stop them? By joining an international army under the League of Nations. He refuses to see that every war for the last century has been a commercial war. He quotes all his compatriots but John Strachey, who could teach him something. Capitalism is rapidly becoming a struggle of monopolies (the Aluminum Company monopoly of Mr. Mellon, for example), says Mr. Strachey. When these monopolies have exploited the domestic market, they stretch out for foreign markets

(Mr. Mellon's Gulf Oil Company in Venezuela, for instance). There they come in conflict with monopolies of other nations. Then war. But Mr. Nichols sees none of this. If we only think hard and pray and determine to be better people, war will disappear. Could anything be more pathetic?

#### The Hard Facts

After all what harm does Mellon do? He furnishes employment, he carries on business. Two books on that: 1.

The Untried Case (Vanguard), which is the story of the Sacco-Vanzetti frame-up, by Herbert B. Ehrmann, one of the defense lawyers. This shows what happens to those who run counter to the ruling forces. Mr. Ehrmann not only blows up the case against Sacco and Vanzetti, but shows by overwhelmingly

convincing evidence who did do it. The Morelli gang. Included is the speech by Vanzetti to the court when he was sentenced. It is one of the great addresses of history. 2. The First World War, with an introduction by Laurence Stallings (Simon-Schuster). This speaks for itself. It is what happens to us when we fight the imperialistic wars of our leaders, spurred on by our bankers and big business men.

#### Happier Mention

The Art of Social Climbing by Felix Du Barry. Never having been listed in the Social Register, we can't tell firsthand, but it sounds insane enough to be real society.

Mrs. Barry by Frederick Nivens (Dutton). Sacrificing mother and little son. She dies, he goes to asylum where he has always wanted to go. Boo-hooey but good.

One Woman by Tiffany Thayer (Morrow). Reporter finds address book in dead girl's room and tracks down the entries, raising all sorts of hell.

The Case of the Sulky Girl by Erle Stanley Gardiner (Morrow). Follows same pattern as Case of Crimson Claws—but, like watermelon, you can't get too much of it.

The Gun by C. B. Forester (Little-Brown). Spanish guerrillas in Napoleonic days and how an abandoned cannon inspired a nation. A man's yarn and swell.

(For further notes see page 44)

# ALL PLAY and NO WORRY ... AT SEA!

Biggest travel value on the biggest ships to

## **CALIFORNIA**



Avoid journeys that are "all work and no play"... Sail on a giant Panama Pacific liner to California; see exciting foreign lands, sail through the marvelous Panama Canal, 7th wonder of the world... and for 13 days loaf and play on these giant ships with every modern luxury—largest liners in coast-to-coast service.

Two built-in swimming pools on deck . . . many large public rooms . . . all cabins are outside. And, as you sail, enjoy cool trade winds, dancing on deck, delicious cuisine . . . every minute's a joy and there's no worry.

Why not treat yourself to the comfort and luxury that only "The Big Three" can give? Rates are amazingly low. Steamer fares: First Class \$225 (up); Round Trip \$337.50 (up). Tourist Class \$120 (up); Round Trip \$180 (up). See your local agent. His services are free.

#### THE BIG THREE

S. S. California

S. S. Virginia

S. S. Pennsylvania

Tourist Class as low as \$120.

#### PANAMA PACIFIC LINE

International Mercantile Marine Co.

No. 1 BROADWAY NEW YORK





Rox

ness simp matter close ticke hour show thea W and in the The Bigg

First Lady of the Land, Sea, and Air



OCTOBER, 1933

FIFTIETH YEAR

#### "-SOME OF THE PEOPLE-"

LIFE'S Bureau of Consumer Research

#### **ENTERTAINMENT**

Rexy's Sceret FOR YEARS our stage friends have been assuring us glumly that show business is deader than Jesse James' horse. Instead of brooding, we decided on a simple method of isolating the legitimate theatre's troubles, thus: 1. Plays close because not enough people buy tickets. 2. Lots of people go to movie houses. 3. Movies, with their stage shows, must be more fun than regular theatres.

With this in mind, we paid \$1.65 and sank into a deep, voluptuous chair in the front mezzanine of Radio City's Music Hall, which is run by the most stupendous, most terrific showman in the land: S. L. [Roxy] Rothafel. There, obviously, we should find the Big Idea which Theatre has muffed.

For a moment we drank in the thrilling beauty of the Music Hall's architecture, the magic play of colored lights in the eggshell ceiling. But—

eyes on the stage! The show's the thing. . . .

The feature film was on, probably near the end because the Foreign Legion boys were licking the pants [?] off the Arabs. Now for the Roxy secret of showmanship. Glittering curtains parted to disclose 20 or 30 ladies and gentlemen in Russian costumes of some period or other, ranged along a banquet table. They sang. The words were not intelligible but the apparent host gesticulated a good deal to indicate that his guests were singing well. They sang for quite a while, then the curtains closed. Next was a sylvan scene with a night sky of deep blue. Several ballet girls dressed as Bo Peep and carrying Shepherd staffs skipped onto the stage. A male Pan slept at the base of a tree. Presently the girls danced off and, what do you suppose Roxy thought of next? The premiere ballerina came down out of the flies, perched-so help us-on a crescent moon. People around us clapped vigorously. The ballerina

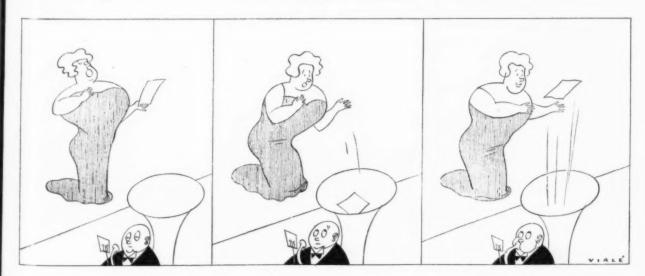
awakened Pan, let him chase her for awhile, then left him under his tree again while she rode away on the moon. The next set represented an oven—all too effectively for a warm night. An army of girls dressed as gingerbread men danced in perfect precision, finally fell down like a pack of playing cards. People clapped louder. We stayed through the Japanese number until the girls' headpieces lighted up from the inside. Up to that point, Miss Columbia had not risen from the trick stage.

We had quite a time getting out, so many people were waiting in the lobby for the second show.

Squeeze,
Squeeze
Squeeze

Squeeze

Our Dramatic Talent has gotten around town. In spite of the fact that well-known and capable actors and radio announcers are out of jobs, there's always somebody after us, wanting to develop our Talent.



Shortly after we slipped through the fingers of the Cinema Theatre boys [See Crazy, Mad, etc., Aug.] we received a mimeographed postcard:

You have been recommended to this office as having talent. We are now casting for fall radio productions and have openings for a few talented amateurs. Please call at this office for an audition . . . Bronson Radio Productions, 1560 Broadway.

We were on hand bright and early on a Monday morning. While waiting our turn we had to listen to some pretty distressing noises being emitted from the audition booth by people who, doubtless, had also been recommended to this office as having talent. After we had our own audition a Mr. Richards told us we had real talent, that we ought to spend a little money on it, and that if we did there was a very trery good chance of placing us on a small program in a couple of months. Now Mr. Richards could refer us to a man...

So we followed the talented crowd around the corner and saw Mr. Isler of the Manhattan Institute of Radio Technique. Mr. Isler offered to give us lessons in talking into a microphone at \$3 a throw, 2 lessons a week, 6 weeks. We said we'd think-it-over to Mr. Isler, and we-thought-so to ourselves.

But about the audition, back at Bronson's. This time we were given a highly dramatic piece of script to read into a microphone. It was a speech by a poor peasant who was mad at the king and the aristocracy. The emotional climax was the line, I'd like to wrap my fingers around their fat, white throats and squeeze, SQUEEZE, SQUEEZE!

An old war tune popped into our head as we went out: Pack Up Your Troubles In Your Old Kit Bag. We started humming, Wrap, wrap your fingers 'round their fat, white throats and squeeze, squeeze, and kept it up all the way home.

#### OUR COUNTRY

Nickel THE OTHER day as we were dropping a nickel into the phone, we got to wondering about nickels. What wear and tear, we thought. Year after year of being dropped into slots, only to be hauled out again and dropped into



"What are we going to do about Junior? He was three sheets to the wind again last night."

other slots. How were they bearing up under it?

From two dollars' worth of nickels, we selected a few specimens for closer inspection. There were a few Liberty nickels, dated from 1897 to 1910. They'd been through the mill, all right, but the dates were still sharp and clear. Of the Buffalo coins, one had lost its date, one could scarcely be identified [it turned out to be 1916], three were 1920, '24, '29, and the last was new and shiny.



"Do you know any old maids?"

Well, down we went to the L. S. Starrett Company to borrow an instrument that would measure to 1/10,000th of an inch, and we measured the thickness of our nickels. The Liberty aggregation obstinately refused to show any relation between thickness and age; they all batted around .0615. Data on the Buffalo nickels was more interesting:

Date	obliter	ated	.0682	in
Date	almost	obliterated	.0683	**
1920			.068-	10
1924	*******		.0680	13
1929	*******		.0691	
New	nickel		.071-	14

Demonstrating that the first five years are the hardest for a Buffalo nickel. After that it settles down to a fairly consistent 1/20,000th of an inch a year. Demonstrating also that the Liberty nickel is far superior when it comes to standing the gaff.

Traveler's TAKE AN AD like this: Positions aboard ocean liners; good pay,

visit Hawaii, China, Japan; experience unnecessary; self-addressed envelope brings list. Mr. W. Peabody, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

—and read through such choice bits of Mr. Peabody's follow-up as this:

There are not half enough American seamen to man American ships. There is no age limit, provided one is active. Citizenship unnecessary. However American citizens are given preference when obtainable.

—and you'll have some idea of how Mr. Peabody has employed the wander-lust-employment appeal to induce people to pay \$2.00 for a list of steamship companies and a pamphlet of advice. And so many people!

Then. Tilt back in your swivel chair and ponder a bit of government information such as this:

Board had information to the effect that in every port in the United States there was a breadline for seamen. At the port of New York alone unemployed seamen numbered 2%, 000, of which 70 per cent were Americans. . . . Men holding captain's licenses are accepting positions as stewards on board ships.

-and you'll be better able to understand the state of mind of Inspector S. truoth ickickiny ge; on

in.

alo a a anch the it

ike ay, rinly,

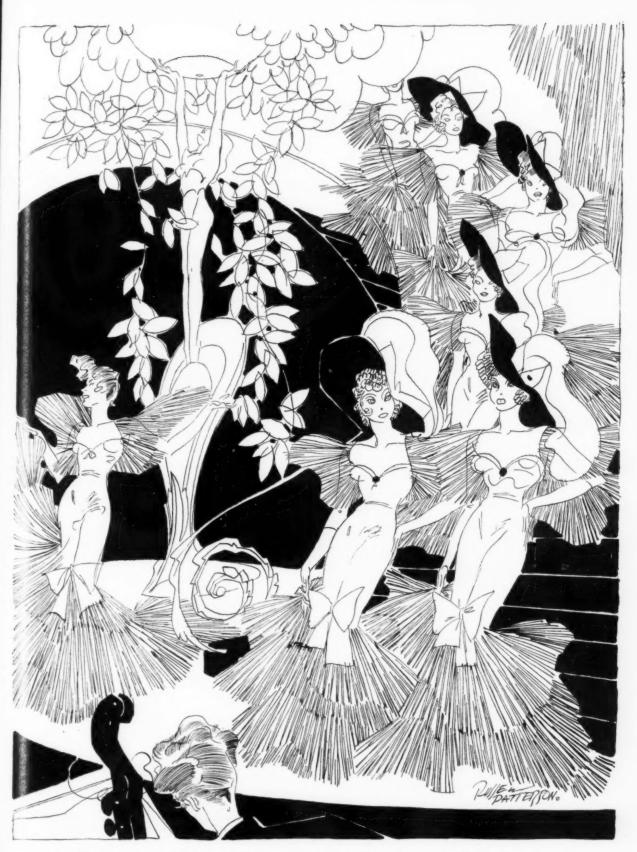
of

an

ne

en

p



"Believe me, I'm going to move into an apartment with an elevator until this show closes."

Crowley of the U.S.P.O. Dept. when he expressed himself, bluntly, like this:

The evidence shows, and I so find, that this is a scheme for obtaining money through the mails by means of false and fraudulent pretenses, representations, and promises.

All of which may or may not point a moral, but anyway Inspector Crowley was pretty mad.

#### WHEELS OF INDUSTRY

Average
Foot
research continues, the mythical Average Man begins to take form. Last month [see Average Pate] we learned from the nation's leading hatters that he is ovalheaded, size slightly larger than 7½, thus puncturing the widely accepted theory that he is block-headed. Since then we've collected conclusive data on the average man's foot.

When you get into the subject of an average foot, as Mr. Weiss of the Florsheim Company pointed out, you get into something pretty complicated. There are 144 sizes of men's shoes, running from 5 to 13 in length and from AAA to EE in breadth. Then you have to consider that southerners run to a long, narrow foot and eastern men are more likely to be carried on short, wide feet. Roughly, 60% of Florsheim shoes sold are sizes 8 to 91/2 inclusive. Taking everything into consideration, Mr. Weiss thought the general Florsheim average would be about 81/2-C.

Mr. Gill of the Regal chain confirmed these conclusions about eastern and southern feet and added the further information that western and midwestern feet are also of the long, narrow variety, averaging around 8½ or 9, A or B. But when you throw in the other territories and strike a rough Regal general average it's about 8½-C, same as Florsheim.

Then we dropped in at Hanan's on Fifth Avenue and talked to Mr. Murphy, who deals exclusively with the eastern foot. Our idea was to check his opinion against those of Florsheim and Regal on the subject. Mr. Murphy put the eastern [New York] average roughly at 8-C, which is shorter and wider than the other territories and checked beautifully.



"A grave error has been made—credit must be given Eno Salts and NOT Ex-Lax for this program."

Returning to our desk, we found that by properly juxtaposing these facts we could get not only the size of the average man's foot, but the approximate location of his residence. We won't bore you with the computations, but his foot is slightly longer than  $8\frac{1}{2}$  and slightly narrower than C, and he lives on the western edge of southern Ohio.



"I wonder why he married the other woman."

Do Slogans IT MUST have jolted the Van Raalte people Register? to learn that a good share of their advertising budget was being spent to advertise Lux! Some months ago a Rhode Island radio station conducted a contest to find out how closely twenty advertising slogans identified the twenty products they advertised. The slogans were announced and the contestants were to jot down, immediately and without cribbing, the names of the products they advertised. Sixty per cent of those who sent in a reply on the Van Raalte "Because You Love Nice Things" slogan dubbed it Lux.

Ninety replies were received. The only slogan that drew 100% correct answers was Not A Cough In A Carload. Those over 90% correct were Hasn't Scratched Yet, Children Cry For It, I'd Walk A Mile For A—, Good To The Last Drop, Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion, They Satisfy, 99-44/100% Pure, and After Every Meal. Best In The Long Run drew only about 17% correct answers and Because You Love Nice Things only 3%.

Now it occurred to us that the only people who'd enter such a contest would be those who thought they were pretty good at remembering slogans. Furthermore, as *Printer's Ink Monthly* pointed out in an excellent article on the subject, there was a slight possibility of hurried cribbing and family collaboration. The only way to make it a fair memory test, we concluded, would be to get your man into a corner alone and fire the slogans at him pointblank.

So we questionnaired four representative types—1 staunch suburban paterfamilias; 1 housewife; 1 business woman, young, single; 1 young business man, also single. Here are the ones they all knew: They Satisfy, Children Cry For It, I'd Walk A Mile For A -, and Next To Myself I Like -Best. The slogans none of them knew were: The Skin You Love To Touch and Because You Love Nice Things. Scoring 50% or better were: Good To The Last Drop, Not A Cough In A Carload, Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion, Ask The Man Who Owns One, 99-44/100% Pure, Covers The Earth, - Has The Strength of Gibraltar, and Hasn't Scratched Yet.

When asked about Not A Cough In A Carload the business man answered Lucky Strike. He was a Yale man.

d le re

g

ly d d.

ie i. cs ty ly

ne

re

r)

fy.

ally est ere as. Ally on si-ily it ed, or-im

ess isithe bil-

ew ich

gs. To A mns he

In red



"Edgar does the darndest things since he switched to Camels!"

Mad
Hatters

NEXT TIME you have occasion to buy a new hat it's ten-to-one the salesman has you psychoanalyzed the moment you walk in the door. A customer's mind is an open book to a well trained

Basing his deductions on the manner the customer wears his old hat, an official of a company whose name has come to be almost synonymous with hat has worked out the system. For example, if you wear your hat with a sharp tilt down to the eyes you're catalogued as a penetrative thinker; one who needs less selling talk and more time before the mirror; you're methodical, unhurried, and reasonable, but taciturn. A hat worn with a sharp tilt down to the right indicates a vain, selfopinionated person; one whose vanity makes him a setup for the flattery appeal, however, and who can easily be raised to higher priced goods by delicately intimated compliments.

The man who wears his hat straight on his head is, according to the system, likely to be a settled, conservative old bird of good stock; a reasoning, agreeable individual; a careful buyer who considers price and quality in equal measure with style, and is dependable for permanent patronage. Here are a couple of more examples culled from the textbook of hatter's psychology:

SHARP TILT BACK—UP OFF FOREHEAD: He is self-confident,

the not-to-be-shown type, the knowing kind, has positive ideas of what he wants; not usually good judge of style or of good taste in dress; likes to be solicitously handled and may be brought to any viewpoint provided he believes he came to it of his own accord. . . .

SLOPE FRONT TO BACK, TIGHT DOWN ON EARS: Supremely confident, obstinate, unyielding; no matter how sold on style or how convinced as to quality, he will sacrifice both to price; a close buyer. . . .

A chap like ourself, now, must present quite a problem. We wear our hat well off the rear right-hand quarter of our dome. Probably an exceedingly difficult combination of the sharp-tilt-down-to-right and slope-front-to-backtight-down-on-ears types. And if a fellow dashed into the store bareheaded it would probably mean the collapse of the system. Or of the salesman.

#### GREAT MINDS

"The intellectual life, if there is such a thing in Hollywood, is all supplied by the visitors."

-Leslie Howard.

"I want to be an actor."

—Robert Montgomery.

"I'm rather bored with myself on the screen."

-Gloria Swanson.

"American newspapers won't print the truth."

-Jeanette MacDonal.

"I've done everything in the theatre except marry a property man."

-Fannie Brice

"It looks as though the public wants to be entertained."

-A. H. Wood

"Men play too carelessly with love."

—Claire Windsor

"I am a somebody."
—Sylvia Sidney

"You've got to work to be happy."

—Colleen Moore.

"Songs must have ideas behind them."

—George White.

"If we had fifteen or twenty George Kaufmans writing stage material the theatre would be in a much healthier condition,"

—Arch Selwyn.



"Here you are, folks-the song hits of the show."

on

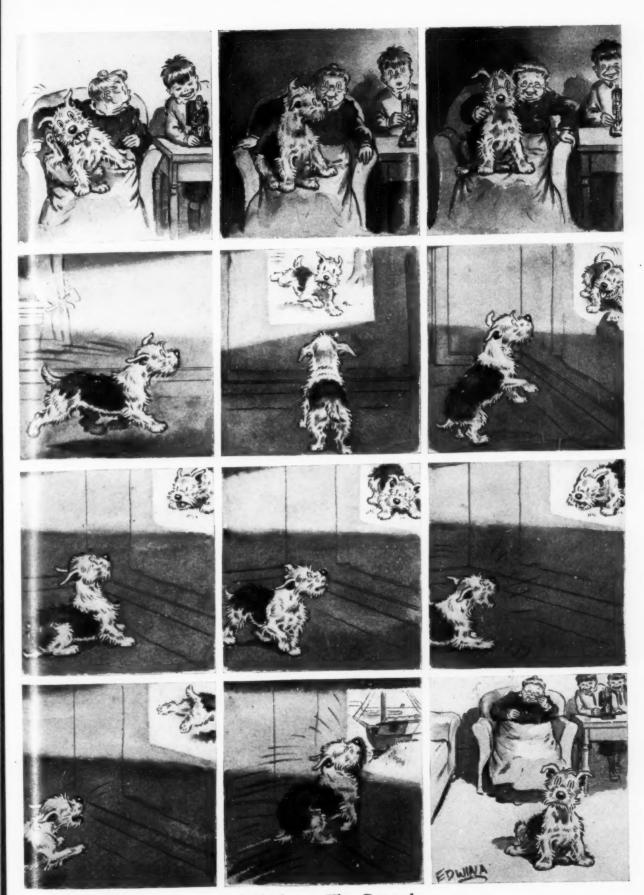
rint

itre

nts

ind

the



Sinbad . . . The Coward

#### THE THEATRE MOVEMENT FROM ANGEL



ONE, for the money





## TO STOREHOUSE, in lithograph by DON FREEMAN



THREE, to make ready



& FOUR, to go!



"I'm tired of being the feet in this act!"

#### FAN MAIL

DEAR Mr. Duckwall: I think you are wonderful. When I saw you at the Lyceum Wed. mat. in Black Rapture I says to my girl-friend Minnie I wisht I could have a date with you. Please send me your picture. Do you like blondes better than brunettes? Please write on the picture To My Honey, or if you can think of something better, O.K. Minnie will be plenty sore.

Yours till I get your picture. Gladys Maczkov.

Dear Miss Maczkov: Could I call you Gladys? I think you are wonderful too. Especially if you are the girl who ate all that candy in the aisle seat. How about YOU sending ME a photograph? It is very dull sending my photographs to people all the time. I want this to be different. I can't just think what I want you to write on your picture but I want it to be something like To My Butterkins, or To My Valentine. What do you think of Sweetiepie? I don't think Angel-puppy would be a bad idea either. However I'll leave it all up to you, and I'm sure whatever you choose will be satisfactory to me.

Of course, I am free to admit I was hurt to the quick by your letter. It seems to me you wanted my photograph to make Minnie sore more than you wanted it because you think I'm wonderful. Of course, you were very subtle about it, and if I'm wrong,

please let me know. You can see how I'd feel about the whole thing, though, if I thought I was just being used as a tool.

Do you like blondes better than side-burns? How many lumps do you take in your tea? What do you do for a cold in the chest?

I will be anxiously awaiting your photograph. My leading lady, I expect, will be overcome with jealous rage, perhaps gnashing her teeth—if she feels up to it. All I did once was cut my own picture from a cigare te ad, and she did—gnash her teeth, I mean. I wish you could have been there.

Yours till Niagara Falls, Marshal Duckwall

DEAR Mr. Duckwall: Hones.
I didn't mean a thing about Minnie. All I meant was she do be sore. It didn't have anything to do with You much. I want your picture just on account of you. No fooling. You know I wouldn't hurt your feelings for nothing.

Yes it was me that ate the candy. How did you know? I'm sending my picture. It isn't so good. Minnie says I'm a lot better looking than that. Don't pay any attention to the fellow



"Yeah, I figured you two were sisters."



standing in back of me. He's not my sweetie or anything. He's just a fellow, He's nuts about me. But I don't like him much. I saw you Sat. Mat. too. Gee you got keen hair. Now don't be sore any more about Minnie.

han

Your admirer, Gladys Maczkov.

Dear Miss Maczkov: You've got keen hair too. What do you do to it? Do you put much in the theory that minwater is better for washing hair than spicket water? Yep, you sure have keen hair. But I like your red hat even better.

I was all ready to forget all about alinnie. I never intended to bring her p again. And then you send me your icture with that—that fellow standing in back of you. That cut, let me tell you. But I'm not going to stand in your way. I thought the whole matter over carefully, and I decided to give you up. I guess I expect a lot of a woman. I guess you'll say I'm just a silly idealist. But that's the way I am. Once I'm hurt, I never want to see that person with another man again. I'm sorry the affair has to end like this,

but it's better this way than going on and on, and me only getting hurt in the end anyhow. Never try to communicate with me again.

One you have cast aside like an old shoe or cigarette butt or something, Marshal Duckwall.

P.S. I hope you will be very, very happy with that fellow standing in back of you. —Aleen Wetstein.

#### Physiology and High Jinks

INERTIA and fatigue combined Completely paralyze my mind When there is work for me to do. Yet, if at that very moment you Happen to telephone me, then My strength is as the strength of ten.

Vitality sets in at once.

I cease to be a flaccid dunce.

My engine starts in turning over,
And as a thoroughgoing loafer,
I do a job, which on the whole,
Bespeaks both stamina and soul.

It matters not what you suggest. I have a most unbridled zest For anything at all that you Promote, from Stadium concerts to The Biltmore roof. But still I find That I am promptly undermined By work, though why my dynamo Gives out that way I do not know.

—Margaret Fishback.

The theatre of today: A play, with a cast of eight or nine, attended by fifty or sixty dramatic critics and a couple of customers,

A trusting wife is one who believes there must have been burglars in the house because someone used the guest towel.

A New York sanitarium for nervous disorders charges \$60 for a consultation. A patient is said to be cured when he demands his money back.





"There's no use swearing about it dearie; the chief just can't use you for the Dream Girl number.

tainly don't want to have a scene.

(Mrs. Dippold and about thirty-two people behind have now missed one of the most poignant parts of the movie.)

Enter Tony and Eddie.

TONY: Come on. There are two.

OVO

aft.

mo

the

ide

an

kn

Di

bo

Pa

die

da

him

turn

in

pick lick ali

said

anv

WOL it? Her

cha

leas star

1 "Va

thre and

me

ly p

mor P ra

SE

PJ

Fis

ar d "Yo

mak

is d

· la e

a va T

Chi

him

chai

UD j005

I re

EDDIE: O.K. You go in first.

MRS. DIPPOLD (in a patient and determined voice): I'm sorry; these are

EDDIE: Taken, me eye. Come on Tony.

(One of the most exciting moments of the picture is now in crescendo.)

MRS. DIPPOLD: My husband and little boy are coming right back. These are TAKEN.

TONY: Nerts, we're sitting here.

(By this time the entire section of the theatre is in a state of embarras. ment, annoyance and unrest.)

MRS. DIPPOLD (in a sharp tone): Here comes my husband. THESE ARE TAKEN!

#### Hospital charges:

Mrs. Dippold	\$45.50
Mr. Dippold	\$82.00
Eddie	\$19.00
Tony	\$ 8,40
Nearby theatre-goers	\$98.00
—Joe Thom	pson.

#### TAKEN

The scene is at the Bijou Theatre. Edith and Mabel walk down center aisle and stop at the tenth row.

MABEL: There are two.

EDITH: I wonder if there are any further down?

MABEL: We'd better grab these. EDITH: All right, you go in first.

MRS. DIPPOLD (a new character who has a fat arm spread out over two empty places): I'm sorry, these are taken.

MABEL: Taken! Well, I never.

EDITH: Come on, Mabel, we'll find some others. The idea!

Thelma and Fred appear in the center aisle.

THELMA: Fred, there are two.

FRED: Better grab them. You go in first.

MRS. DIPPOLD: I'm sorry. These are taken.

FRED: What do you mean 'taken'? Come on Thelma.

MRS. DIPPOLD (in a louder voice): THESE ARE TAKEN.

THELMA: Come on, Fred, we cer-



"I guess the critics aren't coming tonight."

#### MY SCREEN EXPIDDIENCE

By Jefferson Machamer

I may have been because I often am mistaken for Edmund Lowe or it may have been the way the light over my sink strikes my powdered face after shaving—anyway, I said, one morning, "Jefferson, you oughta go in

JEFTEY, OL' SPANK,

YOU OUGHTA GO IN

THE MOVIES!

IT MAY HAVE BEEN THE WAY MY

LIGHT PLAYED ON MY FACE

movies!" 'Not a bad idee, Mac!" I an wered myse f. 'You know George Di ector Abbo over at Pa amount Studies and the da you taught him how to turn his wrists over correctly in playing a pick - up niblick chip from a trap, he was so tickled he said he'd do anything inna world to repay it? Well! Here's Abbott's

chance—the less' he can do is make you a talkie star!"

I forthwith invited George to attend "Vanities" with me. About halfway through the show I turned to George and squeaked, "Mebbe you oughta put me in pictures. I tellya what, I'll casually pop over to Long Island City tomorrow and casually pop into the P ramount Studios and you and I will S E WHAT WE CAN DO ABOUT PUTTING ME INTO PICTURES!" His eyes stuck 'way out and he nodded and I said I'd be there around noon. You be there at seven-thirty a. m. for make-up!" he said pippily and I promised, notwithstanding the fact that as la e as ten a. m. I maintain a Chinaman a my boudoir door to shush away a wakers!

The next morning, much to the Chinaman's surprise, I pushed past him at six o'clock, shaved veddy keffly, changed the oil in my hair, snapped up the mustache, gulped my orange joost, and roared away in my Chevrolet. I reached the studios on the dotty-dot

and the door man said, "Machamer, did you—ha-ha—say? HA-HA!!?? Mr. Abbott is expecting—ha-ha—you!" . . . "What the ha-ha is the matter with 'at guy?" I thought, huffily, at the time. An office boy then led me through

> miles of dressing room corridors to a costume room where I was dressed in the regalia of a successful and gawdy Japanese rice merchant. The outfit consisted of six pairs of pants, two blouses, four jackets, and a long mandarin coat—all heavily jewelled and of ruggy brocade. Also there were seven ten-pound necklaces and a hat slightly

smaller than a pagoda. I was then put on a truck and wheeled to the makeup room.

Seven husky men sat at tables littered with fleshpots of the movies. They

went into a huddle and studied me carefully. I was placed in a chair in the middle of the room and the men, in a sombre body, smeared with buckets 'n' buckets of various pastes, creams, and orange powder. Two feet of horse-hair were added to the waxed ends of the ol' mustachio and tiny

ribbons tied to the extremities. George Director Abbott then was called to survey the result. He walked round and round me. Each time he passed behind my back I thought I heard a sniffle! "Better mascara his eye-lashes—thickly!" he suggested. This was done—thickly!

SO—ushered to the big set by George. He led me across the black, highly polished teakwood floor—twice I slipped clankingly. There were two hundred extras posted in their places. They, too, looked like a lot of rice merchants and wives. I wondered at this. But I was dressed more and gaudier!

Director Abbott paged Tallulah Bankhead and she was presented to me. "Mr. Machamer, an actor I discovered in Box AA at 'Vanities,' Miss Bankhead. He will support you in this picture," said good ol' George. Miss Bankhead was so surprised she laughed a little hysterically. I knew Tallulah and I would be great pals. I wasn't jealous of her and she wasn't jealous of me. George then presented me to Irving Pichell, the picture's "heavy," and I thought he leered a little. I was led away, however, before I could leer back. The director placed me beside the grand staircase leading down onto the set. He whipped his megaphone to his lips and bellowed, "Lean on the bannister and look bored—as though the rice market has collapsed!" and walked away. He called bell signals for silence. Light! Camera! Action!

> The lights went on. There was one right beside me. I don't mean a little green desk light, either! This light, four feet across the reflector, radiated about six thousand candlepower. Jus' picture a birthday cake with six thousand candles and you sitting in the middle of it. The light was only three



PLAYED A BORED, RETIRED RICE MERCHANT—AND
ROO-B-DOOP WAS THAT SPOTLIGHT NOT— !!!!!!!

feet away. (It might be well to inject here the fact that this was an August day which was, officially, the hottest of the summer.) Little rivulets streamed from under my pagoda hat, getting muddier as the creamy greasepaint was swept before them. The mascara melted. My costume became soggy as a torrent swept down my back. The pagoda hat, perched none too securely, began slipping over my eyes.

WAS completely mascara blind, by this time. And the greasepaint had flowed into my ears and hardened and I could hear nothing. As a consequence, long after the scene had been shot I was still holding my pose against the bannister. I didn't hear Abbott's shout of "CUT!" Finally he tapped me and said, "Come in to lunch!" The Paramount lunchroom is miles beneath the street and safe from open air. George, Tallulah, Neysa Mc-Mein, and I sat at table together, and Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper wandered over and sat with us. Claudette looked cucumber cool in her "Sal

of Singapore' costume. Iced tea for the others and hot coffee for me ended lunch. George announced the scene I'd just been in would be shot again. He said he'd let me help carry a Sedan

chair in this shot. That was the last straw!

As we passed from the lunchroom, Claudette took my arm and steered me away to the "Sal of Singapore" set where she and Gary were working. S'funny how love comes to people. Claudette Colbert sits forever in my heart after that! Their set was cool as an ice-box.

Claudette and Gary were perfectly swell! I had cooled beautifully—most of the paint and mascara were gone—on my sleeves. I posed for a lot of stills with them and everything was dandy—until—Neysa McMein busted in and said George was frantic—for me to get up on his set—picture couldn't go on. I hadda go! My art! I helped lug around a Sedan chair with a fat rice merchant

in it for an hour. (I remind you again that this was, officially, the hottest day of the summer!!) As I was passing a thirty-thousand candle-power light, I collapsed, skidded across the slick floor

and spilled the rice fella, An assistant director revived me and handed me a slip of paper. I presented it to the cashier at the door, received fifteen dollars, skipped over to the studio drugstore and spent it all on lemon ice.

Next day George phoned, said the rusies were excellent, said my heavy breathing came

through dandy, said he thought the prefella spilling would be saved for a newsreel.

"Phooey for the movies!!" I talkied and whammed up!

#### LESSON

SHE ain't writin' to 'im no more. She ain't?

Naw, she tole 'im he's gotta have his teeth fixed first, like he promised.

She won't write to 'im cause he needs his teeth fixed?

Yeah, she wantsta punish 'im. Gawd, whadda way t'do it!

Yeah, crool ain't she?

I'll say. An' him lookin' like Clarke Gable!

He wuz so worried he called 'er up all the way from Long Island the other night.

Gee, all that distance?

Yeah, jes' t'ask 'er why she dint write.

Gawd, that's love what I mean, Long Island!

He tole 'er he ain't got no time t'have no teeth fixed.

I'm glad 'ee tole 'er. Whaddid she say?

She said she wouldn't marry no man what had no teeth missin'.

How many he got missin'?

Only one an' it's on the side; but she's gotta teach 'im a lesson, she said.

'Magine turnin' down all that sex appeal cause he's got a tooth missin! Yeah, an' not in the front neether.

Yeah, an' not in the front neether. She's just plain goofy.

Them's always the kind that gess good guys.

Good? I'll say. 'Magine callin' up all the way from Long Island!

-Sheila Smith.



"Sweetheart, this gentleman socked me with a pertater."

gain day

ng a

floor ella, reme

the ol-

ny my me me

ied

re.

ive

ed.

ds

ke

up

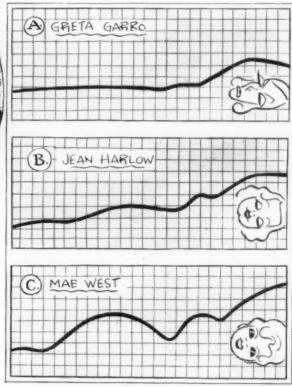
nt

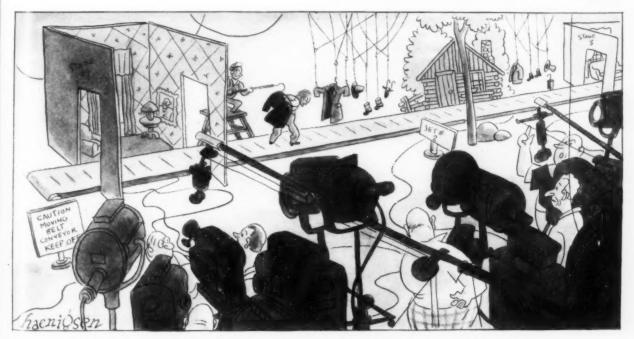
ıg

11

Official ceremony at New York City Hall as Mayor O'Brien and Ed Wynn swap manuscripts. Mr. Wynn has written Mr. O'Brien's speeches for the coming campaign and Mr. O'Brien in return has written Mr. Wynn's radio script.

Curves are back. Hollywood business forecast for 1934 showing box-office reactions to figures which are familiar to all.





How Lionel Barrymore does it. Scene inside studio showing producer's efforts to carry out provisions of new code which compels the casting of Barrymore in *all* Hollywood productions.

Our Own Newsreel

#### LET'S PLAY

New Games for Old Parties

HE trouble with most parties is that there are not enough people who do things. I mean that there are too many people who insist that others do things. A guest is entitled to some freedom. If he wants to sulk in a corner and put salt on the gold fishes' tails he should not be forced to play leap frog, which is not half so amusing to him as putting salt on gold fishes' tails. Above all there should be no recurrence of what happened at Mrs. Westchester-Smith's party. Tea was being served and Mr. James Tooting, an eligible brakeman, having eaten cake, salad, sandwiches, tea and fruit said: "Not another thing, Mrs. Westchester-Smith! I can't put another thing away.'

"Aw, g'wan," said Mrs. Westchester-Smith, "you're bashful. Garibaldi, make Mr. James Tooting a steak."

The steak was tough.

The worst thing about parties, however, is the games people think up. Anagrams, charades, detective bafflers, psycho-analysis—bah! The alert hostess might try these for a change.



"—With a cruising speed of 14 M.P.H., sleeping four comfortably in owner's cabin."

and leaving the ladies wherever they may happen to be at the time. When all the men have reached the appointed room they lock the door, take off their coats and seat themselves around a table supplied with a deck of cards and a set of chips.

The man who is nearest the cards picks up the deck and shuffles it. After an hour one of the players, usually the winner, asks: "Shall we join the ladies?" This question is repeated at various intervals until early in the morning when the players rise and step out for a sandwich, but no one asks any longer whether anyone should join any lady.

Where Is the Radio?

Many delightful games can be played with the radio such as "Turning It Off," "Hiding the Tubes," "Cutting the Wires," etc., but the most delightful is "Where Is the Radio?"

Any number of guests who have been forced to listen to the radio while they were eating, playing bridge, talking or doing other things which require concentration and peace, gather in the same room with the instrument and blindfold the host and the hostess.

The players then take the radio and throw it out of the window, or if adventure runs high, put it in a car and dump it in a nearby lake.

Telling a Book-cover by Its Jacket

THE library, a sanctuary of learning and a symbol of progress, is usually the best room in the house for necking. If, as is often the case, however, two couples should find themselves in the library at the same time and neither should offer lowithdraw, they will find this game particularly amusing. "Telling a Bookcover by Its Jacket" is the machine age version of "You can't tell a book by its cover." The trick is to look at the jacket and guess what the cover looks like. Whenever a player misses he throws the book on the floor. That's all there is to it.

—José Schorr.



"If we had a car radio wouldn't it be fun driving on a night like this, if we had a car?



"Look, Fred! The Smiths have a perfectly marvelous new sedan!"

we

по

cd

"Hal One of those new Chevro t Sixes-and to think it won't cost 'em as much to run as our ca-does!"

"Get a Chevrolet, Anne-with

Fisher No Draft Ventilation. You'll save on doctor's bills -and a lot of other bills besides."





"How fast are we going-forty?"

"Forty nothing! Over sixty! This cushion-balanced engine sure does take every bit of effort and noise out of fast-going.

Family after family is learning the same thing-a switch to a Chevrolet is a long step in the direction of

sound, permanent economy. This smart new car not only brings you the refreshing contrast you need today in the way of new beauty, new comfort, and new thrills. It also cuts motoring costs right down to rock bottom-and keeps them there. You save with a new Chevrolet from the day of purchase. You can buy it for less than any other full-size six-cylinder enclosed car. Savings continue every mile you drive, for a Chevrolet costs less for gas and oil than any other car. And as the months pass, with practically no cost for upkeep and repairs, you'll become aware of another fact. The Chevrolet is also the most reliable low-priced car you can buy. Contrast this proved economy with the cost of operating your present car. Bear in mind that the Chevrolet line consists of spacious, smartly styled sixes with more new advancements than you can get in any other low-priced automobile. Then consider-wouldn't it be wise to start right now to save with a new Chevrolet? CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan. Special equipment extra.

Low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms. A General Motors Value



VOL. 100

"While There's Life, There's Hope"

NUMBER 2583

#### Life and Repeal

II

E once had a friend—not an intimate friend exactly but a gentleman we happened to meet while out a bit late one night—who had spent various periods of rest at such fashionable watering places as Sing Sing, Atlanta and Dannemora. Between spells of train robbing, second story climbing and penmanship on samples of bank paper belonging to other gentlemen, he used to give himself to thought, and his thoughts were pretty sane. For one thing, he had col-

lect fig b a ber couving crir had to the

lected yearly figures on bank robberies and he could convince you that crime waves had nothing to do with the efficiency of police of-

ficers. When safes were built so well that crooks couldn't bust them, crime dropped off. When the crooks learned how to crack them, the papers were full of demands that the police chief be fired.

What we are getting around to is kidnapping, but you can't discuss kidnapping, in its present phase, without discussing Prohibition. Undeniably, bootlegging and the whole business of illicit liquor traffic created ten criminals where one existed before. Because great sections of the populace never believed in Prohibition, bootleggers, rum-runners and even hi-jackers acquired not only social acceptance but a degree of tolerance quite alien to our inheritance of Vigilante committees and general law-abidingness. Our friend mentioned above had a theory, compounded several years ago, that the coming of Prohibition Repeal (then only a faint hope) would cast upon the marts of

crime a horde of tough birds who would of necessity be looking about for new sources of income. And sure enough, since beer has begun to be made legally in many states and Repeal has advanced to the point where we can feel its breath on the backs of our necks, we have a return of kidnapping on a national scale.

AT first blush it might seem that Prohibition with its racketeers killing one another off would be preferable to Repeal with gangsters running wild about the country, but it is not as simple as that. Rattlesnakes may be good in keeping rats away but who wants a rattlesnake around the house? You never do much with crime when you substitute one crime for another. Kidnapping is the most heinous of crimes and we sympathize with even the wildest of plans to check it, but wildness is not the most effective quality when one is facing hardened criminals. What we need is hard common sense applied rigorously. For instance, we understand the feelings of those who wish to make kidnapping a capital offense, and yet we are not sure that such a law would be effective. The surest deterrent to crime is not the severity of punishment but the certainty



of it. Juries are notoriously reluctant to bring in the death penalty and it will be even harder to do with the victim of the kidnapping

present in court, hale and hearty. Even more dubious are such proposals as that by Governor Lehman of New York which sought to provide punishment for any one having dealings with the kidnappers and particularly those who paid a ransom. Again, the intent was laudable but it sought to do something which we feel could not be done. Self-preservation is the strongest of instincts and we will fight for nothing so furiously as the security of those who belong to us. What jury would consict a father who had taken the only way he knew to recover his child? We feel the New York legislature was wise in refusing to follow the Governor's suggestion.

OUR editorial last month on LIFE'S campaign for Prohibition Repeal brought us many letters, most of them in a reminiscent



vein. Good friends are still wondering how we had the courage to tackle the Prohibition juggernaut at a time when it was rolling trium-

phantly over everything, and we look back in a daze to that period and wonder ourselves. It seems easy now and it was so extremely daring then. Our circulation manager, an unsentimental creature, assures us that we didn't come through unscathed, but it was worth it no matter what it cost. The battle against kidnapping will be far easier to win. Neither kidnapping nor crime in general will disappear but they will grow increasingly less as we become accustomed to regarding criminals as enemies of society rather than romantic figures. In essence the battle against racketeering was won when Prohibition Repeal was assured. A criminal is a criminal now; not a gallant gentleman helping to tear down a law millions of people are in revolt against. The breaking of the Prohibition law became almost a patriotic gesture, but you will find no defenders of kidnapping even among the gangsters themselves. They know what side they are on and we know what side we are on.

What we need is a hard-hitting offensive with every weapon in the federal and states' arsenals in action. What we don't need and cannot afford is a wild, futile campaign supported by hysteria.

ith ose ent meme. inso ho ict ay cel in g-

on Toletent

we burkle ibigerme was

ook onl it

cirntal me h it ttle

r to in

will acenntic inst

ion
s a
nan
s of
salsalwill
ven
hey

ing fedhat is a by



The Hunter's Falcon

#### FROM ME TO YOU

By Marge

Y old married friends are always urging me, a trifle too enthusiastically, to settle down and get hitched. Like somebody who has accidentally grabbed ahold of an electrified rail and wants to watch you get a shock, too. It makes a gal kind of suspicious.

So, seeing that now is the time when all good little June brides are back from their honeymoons and busy washing dishes in rubber gloves, I just

thought I'd ankle around a bit and get the lowdown on matrimony from a few fraus who are new at the business.

I put in quite a day. Saw sixteen brides and heard different stories. Most of it was very old stuff. A lot of complaints about the long working hours for wives. Several of them said that as far as they were concerned, NRA meant No Red Ants. But I did find out one awfully interesting thing. That is-the startling new status of husbands.

Once upon a time, in the old days, a husband was a Lord and Master. Something to be looked up to and grovelled at the dogs of. Then when they started

leaving 'obey' out of the marriage ceremony, husbands became Pals and Buddies. Something you marched shoulder to shoulder through life with. All that is past now, however. The

really New idea is that men, after all, are just great big overgrown boys. And that you should treat them like a cross between a baby in rompers and a feeble minded country cousin.

I don't know what brought on this state of affairs, unless the comeback of the Mae West type of figure has got all the girls feeling motherly. Or maybe it was the sight of so many huge hulks of men bending over small jig saw puzzles last winter that did the

"But I don't WANNA come to bed! I'm having too much fun with my stamp collection!

trick. Or perhaps it is the average man's bidding at Contract that's finally Kiddy Kooped him in his wife's estimation. Whatever the reason, husbands are definitely in the nursery now.

> Used to be when a man demanded pie for breakfast, he got pie for breakfast. But now they are forced to eat Vitamin A and B and like it. Wives are counting their calories for them, and sending them off to the office with spinach and orange juice under their belts. Just look at the advertisements! "Keep your husband on his toes with hot Puddy Wuddy-the New Health Cereal!"

And pictures of great big rosy cheeked husbands holding out bowls and begging for more!

PPARENTLY all you have Ato do these days to Hold Your Man is buy a good book on child psychology and follow it to the letter. One successful bride told me: "Every man ought to have a few little light duties and responsibilities around the house. A busy husband is a happy husband! So once in a while I let Bill screw a few hooks in the closet for me. Naturally, he puts them all in up-

side down, but I just say, 'That's wonderful, dear!' and fix them myself after he goes to bed. And I always let him wind the eight-day clock. It isn't much, of course, but it does make him feel that he's helping."

And as another bride said when I interviewed her, "Keeping my husband contented? Why, there's nothing to it! I haven't had a bit of trouble with Jim since I got him interested in stamps. As soon as he comes home from the office I hand him his stamp book, and he's good as gold all evening!"

There's no use talking, our men are turning into a race of Peter Pans. Mark my words, we'll be wheeling

them around in go carts instead of wheel chairs in their old age. I was in a drug store the other day and saw a cute combination floating soap cup and ash tray. They had a big sign in the window-"Get your husband one of these, he'll love it!" Ye gods, next thing the boys will be taking rubber ducks into the tub!

Personally, my idea of marriage is to go through life clinging confidingly to some sturdy oak. I'm gonna wait till husbands grow up a bit before I grab

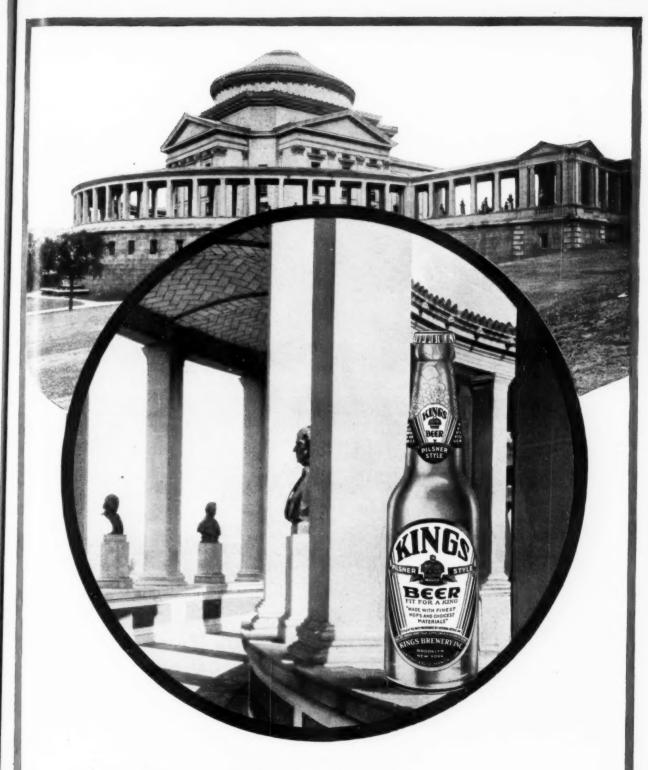
#### Revolt of a Fiction Reader

7HY tell me all? I'm wearied of This glorifying sex and love, Emotionally unrestrained. . . . I'd be more highly entertained If my imagination could Assert itself, if authors would Unanimously incur risk Of sales-and use the asterisk.

-Jane Sayre.



"Oh, it's all right, honey! Since I started giving my husband Vitamin B for breakfast nothing ever annoys him!"



Another name in
THE HALL OF FAME
Ever delicious, ever the same!

#### QUEERESPONDENCE

#### Conducted by Professor Gurney Williams

Prize Winners



PEAR PROF: Is it
a violation of
the menu ethics
of restaurants to designate a potato as a po-

tato, without the addition of "an gratin", "en casserole", and the like?

—Miss Marjorie Nichols, 210 Merriman Ave., Asheville, N. C.

Dear Marjorie: Yes, it is. The N.R.A. (National Restaurant Agreement) distinctly states that potatoes must never be acknowledged as such. Section 12, paragraph 3, page 26, file 2xx394B, states that:

"In regard to menus, the vegetable of the first part, known hereinafter as a spud, must never be designated by its true name in any first class restaurant except when embellished by such additional description as "au gratin", "suprème", "à la smashed", et al.; nor, in addition, must any restaurant keeper be guilty of serving enough butter with any spud, be it fried, baked, mashed, boiled, or roasted, especially baked. Signed: George Brennan, President and Notary Public. (My commission expired last Christmas.)"

Thus only in the Q. & D. (Quick & Dirty) do we find such unvarnished and succinct listings as "fr. fr. pots."

Dear Prof: Has there ever been a spot remover invented to remove the spots left by a spot remover?—J. L. Crosby, 2540 Massachusetts Ave., Washington, D. C.

Dear J. L.: There has but its use has

been restricted by the Interstate Commerce Commission on the grounds of indecency. It was a gadget called the "Spot Remover-ring Spot Remover" and looked something like a biscuit cutter, made in various sizes. The user, after enlarging a spot with spot remover (which surrounded the spot area with a ring), placed the garment on an ironing board and cut out the spot with the S.R.S.R. This left a large hole in the garment which not only often embarrassed the wearer but made him

liable to arrest. Finally the gadget was suppressed and a man named Cyrus Scissor came forth with "Scissor's invention"—the modern spot remover.

Dear Prof: Has any one ever succeeded in reading all the installments of a newspaper serial?—R. S. Treseder, 135 Third East St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dear R. S.: This seemingly impossible feat was accomplished last year by Phil Kneisley of Los Angeles who spent much time, money and energy on the project. His method, however, was simple. When the serial had terminated (a fact ascertained by calling the newspaper office) he sent a messenger boy over to buy all the back issues containing the installments which he cut out and pasted in a scrap book. With this under his arm he went out onto the street and told a passing policeman that he (the policeman) was a bum, a mug, and a nin-

compoop. This gave Kneisley two quiet days in the hospital, and ample time to read the serial in toto. After he had finished it he wondered why he had gone to all the trouble,

Dear Prof: Has any one devised a system whereby a cafeteria patron has a fighting chance of finding an unfinished dish on the table after leaving it for seven seconds to get a drink of water?—Nathan Resnick, 400 W. 53rd St., New York City.

Dear Nathan: There is no infallible

system for this, although the following plans, all devised by a Bob Thornton of Portland, Oregon, have been tried. (a) Have a sign made: "Out for a drink of water—back in seven seconds." But don't expect to find the sign there when you return. (b) Screw a catcher's mask to the table over the food. No good for glass top tables, or in cafe-

terias where the managers are likely to get tough.

You'd better drink water before or after meals.

DEAR PROF: How can I clean a pair of sport shoes without first smearing white cleaner over the black parts and then smudging the white parts with shoe blacking?—Albert N. Ohlman, 205 Central Are., Medford, Mass.

Dear Albert: It's rather late in the season to be talking about sport shoes but for the benefit of patients in doctors' reception rooms next summer it might be a good idea to describe now the special sport shoes invented by a Phil Crane of Chicago. All the seams in these shoes were made of zipper fasteners, which enable Mr. Crane to clean and polish each section separately. It's a swell idea but the shoes look like hell.

BE a Queerespondent. This department will pay \$5 each for question accepted for answer. There are no rules—no time limit—all you have to do is write your questions on a postcard or sheet of paper and send them—as many as you like—to Prof. G. Williams, LIFE, 60 East 42nd St., New York City.



"Isn't it a relief to get out into fresh air between the acts?"

## If you want to—

two mple er he y he

ed a has unving t of 53rd

lible ugh all orngon, lave or a in on't ere rew ible for afev to

10

1 1 oes ner ing

e.,

the oes OCit

a ms

er to

ly.

ke

rt-

to

itm

- -Know the real story of the Moody-Jacobs default
- -Learn Kyle Crichton's opinion of the R.O.T.C.
- -Go behind the scenes with a college football manager
- -Be the first in your crowd to use a new bridge system
- -Read stories of contemporary life
- -Keep up to date on sports, college life and thought, humor-modern life in general

Read this month's

UNIVERSITY

Centenger the log bill he is 2.50. Constitut and foreign \$3.50?



# • THE • COLLEGE PARADE



FIRST SOPH—What kind of oil do you use in your car, Bill?
SECOND FROSH—Well, I usually start out by telling them I'm lonely.
—Lehigh Burr.

ONE—Did you say you are subject to fits?

Two-Yes.

ONE—What do you do when you have one?

Two-Oh, just walk back and froth.

-Cornell Widow.

PROFESSOR: And are you sure that this story is original?

STUDENT: Certainly it is.

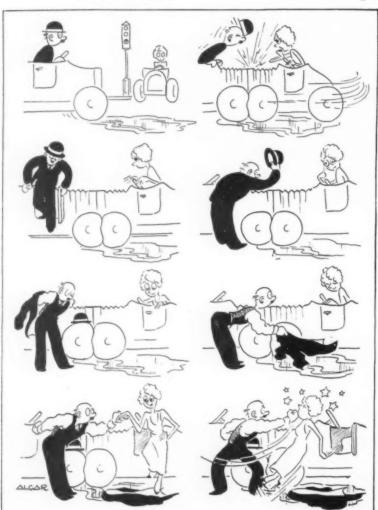
PROFESSOR: Great heavens! I didn't think that I would ever live to see the day when I would meet Rudyard Kipling.

-Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern.

"Waiter, two orders of Spumoni Vermicelli, please."

"Very sorry, sir, that's the proprietor, sir."

-Princeton Tiger.



-Stanford Chaparral

Theme song for a geology field trip, "How'm I Dune, Hey, Hey."

-Northwestern Purple Parrot.

#### An Evolution

My dear Miss Smith;

Dear Miss Smith:

Dear Mary;

Mary Dear;

Dearest Mary;

Mary Darling;

Mary, beloved;

My soulmate:

Darling Wife;

Dear Mary:

Hello Mame; Pay to the order of Mrs. Mary S.

Doe. . . . . . . .

-Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern.

#### All of a Sudden

I took her to a night-club,

I took her to a show.

I took her almost everywhere

A girl and boy could go.

I took her to swell dances,

I took her out to tea;

When all my dough was gone I saw

She had been taking me.

—Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern.

SALESMAN (telegraphing from Ohio)—Having wonderful time. Marion is great.

WIFE (telegraphing back immediately)—Same here. George is not 50 bad.

-Cornell Widow

CIF

wit

1. 11

n a

alv

eng

frai

7

"So you want a job as proof reader?"
"Yes, sir."

"And do you understand your responsibility?"

"Yes sir, when you make a mistake, I take all of the blame."

-Arizona Kitty Kat.

# The Finest

CAR AT THE PRICE



WE BELIEVE IT, because we know what's gone into the Graham car. But we neither want nor expect you to take our word for it. We'd much rather prove it to you with good solid facts.

saw

om

ne.

di-

50

re-

ke,

Metal for metal, part for part, the Graham compares favorably with any car at its price—and with n any that cost more. But the real advantage lies in its remarkable engineering design.

The Graham is a safe car. It's wider than it is high, having an extra-wide, 61-inch tread. The frame is cradled between the widespaced outboard springs, instead of

on top. Thus the center of gravity is unusually low and the car grips the road at all speeds.

The Graham, too, has a "banjo" frame, with the rear axle passing through it. Sidesway, even around sharp curves, is reduced to a minimum. And seats are much roomier and wider.

An aluminum head and fulllength water jackets, important Graham features, insure great power and pick-up with an outstanding economy in gasoline and oil.

The entire steering assembly is geometrically designed, so that the car virtually steers itself. Hydraulic brakes, generous rubber mountings and insulations, diagonal bumpers, exceptionally large bearing surfaces — there are so many fine qualities in the Graham that you marvel at its low price.

We do not say anything about the beauty of the car or the joy of driving it. To see and drive the Graham will tell you all this... and more. Why don't you arrange for a demonstration...soon?

SIXES BEGINNING AT .... \$745 EIGHTS BEGINNING AT .... \$845

Prices f. o. b. factory, special equipment extra

GRAHAM

#### GOING TO THE THEATRE

With Don Herold



Washouts on the Main Stem

THE new season opened with a cavalcade of clucks. I wonder if there is going to be any drama ever any

more. Maybe I ought to quit this work and go back to ostrich farming, now that Mae West has made the ostrich one of our national birds again, ranking well up alongside the blue eagle.

The first show of the season, Love and Babies, opened and closed so fast that I didn't even see it. (It was my night to mind Junior.) Just as well, I hear. Ernest Truex, I understand, start-

ed looking for a new job five minutes after the final curtain, and, as he would, had one within ten minutes.

Then came A Party, containing Mrs. Patrick Campbell and a trainload of others. Though it was, I believe, Mrs. Campbell who fought Sullivan the year I was born, she still packs quite a wallop, and without that aura of delsarte which so many old timers exude. Among the 35 or 40 pedestrians in A Party, she is by far the most impressive. She is even less stormy in her acting than is Lora Baxter, who is supposed to be one of the most mod of the moderns.

And 35 people is too many people for any play, especially

this one. This is one of those productions in which dozens of undesirables wander in and out, toting highballs and leaving liquor rings on the grand piano, and tossing off such snatches as "My dear, she was devastating," or perhaps referring to some mutual friend as a bitch. Are we to have that again this year? I thought that that was last season's high; can't the drama advance just a little from year to year?

A Party is a tepid story of a temperamental young actress who wants just one more final whack at her erstwhile lover, now comfortably married to a horrible little prig, with hair-of-the-dog-that-bit-you therapy in mind. In spite of a number of nuggety lines, it is a sad party.

Almost the whole second act is devoted to songs, birdcalls, imitations and recitations. If this is how swift people enjoy themselves, I'll stick to the old Herold policy of avoiding rooms full of drunken strangers.

It is always embarrassing to see a play suspended for recitations or acrobatics, and in this case the interruption is so prolonged that one needs a synopsis of the preceding act to recapture the plot when it is eventually resumed. Even Cissie Loftus' delightful imitations seem a triumph over a bad play rather than a help to it.

Among the program credits is "Dog purchased at the Mayfair Dog Shop". I wonder if there is a Cain's for canines.

When the whole point of a play is



When the whole point of a play is based on the mad ferocity of the love of two women for one man.

based on the mad ferocity of some-body's passion for somebody else, or, worse still, on the mad ferocity of two somebodys' passion for a Somebody No. 1, then Somebody No. 1 had better be a pretty hot actor number. Somebody No. 1 in *A Party* happens to be a very stiff young man, and few of the audience, especially the males, can understand the burning yearning of the two dames for him. And the truth is, Somebody No. 1 seldom, in any play of this torrid type, seems worth all the smoke; they just don't make actors that wonderful.

With the opening of *The Blue Widow*, I forgot all my romantic midsummer ardor for the Broadway that I thought would reblossom in the Fall.

I never succumbed, even partially, to the art of Queenie Smith in musical comedy, and I succumb even less to her musical comedy technique in a straight comedy. In fact, I gets myself all pins and needles at *The Blue Widow*. girl

sug

gan

buy

ager

and

not (he

ral

ne c

juli

bu.

COLL

Da

jo! o

don

Con

Sell

shin

Pro

vani

that

anyt

Rox

mez

eatin

you

Cafe

the

upst

call

info

Tim

first

WOU

ther

in the

sk t

dep

an I

stea

bane

aisle

One minute you think The Blue Widow is a polite drawing room comedy, and the next, you think you're at a terrible musical comedy of the old pre-panic days. This latter feeling seems to come with each entrance of Queenie Smith. The story is of a anning little widow who is out to hook every male on the horizon, single or married, by baby talk, flattery, by a demonstration of her love for flowers, and by such obvious claptrap as filling their pipes with baccy and patting down the pillows of their armchairs. I believe four men in the cast fall for this, and the girl is so phoney that the result is that she makes saps out of the entire

> male end of the cast, especially of husband "A", and all sympathy of the audience is thus killed before it starts to flow.

"Who put the dope in Tom's necktie?" is a sample line from *Crucible*, and it's not supposed to be funny. This terrible play is filled with jailbirds and jailbreaks, dopes and dope-fiends, smugglers, opium smokers, and other delightful folk. By the third act, everybody in the cast is staggering instead of walking, so full is everybody of dope, t. b., or pent-up passion.

You'd think that actors would how better, even if

managers don't. You'd think that at least one actor out of twenty or thirty would see, at the end of a week's rehearsal, that he and his friends were wasting their time, and say to his associates: "It's as plain as a nose on a thespian's face that this show is a turkey, so why should we squander four or five more weeks of rehearsal on it?"

Like an ice cream soda without that final squirt of carbonated water, is *The Sellont*. There's an idea in it, and the cast, featuring Jane Seymour, seems all right, but somehow the whole thing fails to fizz. An advertising agency is threatened by gangsters with bombing or worse if it proceeds with its broadcasting plans for Spitz beer. A smart

girl in the agency suggests to the gangsters that they buy a controlling I'm interest in the agency. Well, this gir and sub-ideas are not so bad on paper (heaven knows radio advertising needs considerable judicious panning), but they just don't

, to

sical

her

ight

pins

Blue

om

u're

old

ing

of

III-

ok

or

- a

TS,

ng

behis,

tire

m-

DW.

in

ple

it's

led

ks,

19-

nd

the

he

of

dy

ors

if

at

ty

те

1

1

er

11

10

11

g

is

g

rt

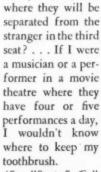
can't sleep!

can't sleep,



come to life in the production by the Dama Craftsmen. There is a Hoover joke, a Yonkers joke, and a lot of "our little business family" satire which was done much better by Kaufman and Connelly fifteen years ago. I fear The Sellout is a washout by now.

THE Electric King Shiner was chosen as the exclusive shoe shine equipment of the Century of Progress World's Fair. One of the advantages of which its mfgs. boast is that it is sanitary. I have never caught anything yet, getting my shoes shined. ... Simile: as much sex appeal as a Roxyette from the last row of the third mezzanine. . . . Reading Variety is like eating popcorn; you can't quit, and you never get through. . . . Paradise Cafe ought to put their show down in the lobby, free, and put their photos upstairs and charge admission to them. The din up there is terrible; I'd call it sex in a boiler shop. . . . The information booth in the middle of Times Square is a good idea, but the first information an out-of-towner would like to have is how to get out there to it. . . . One of the funniest acts in the world is Tom Howard's holdup sk tch, in which he gives a woman a deposit until she can go to the bank and withdraw some money for him to steal from her. . . . Why don't husbands give their wives the outside or aisle seat at the theatre, where they can see better (they're usually shorter) and



(See "Stop & Go" on page 44)



### WEAVING THE WORLD OF SPEECH

Daily, as upon a magic loom, the world is bound together by telephone. There, in a tapestry of words, is woven the story of many lives.

In and out of the switchboard move the cords that intertwine the voices of communities and continents. Swiftly, skilfully, the operator picks up the thread of speech and guides it across the miles.

She moves a hand and your voice is carried over high mountains and desert sands, to moving ships, or to lands across the seas. London, Paris, Berlin—Madrid, Rome,

Bucharest—Capetown, Manila, Sydney—Lima, Rio Janeiro and Buenos Aires—these and many other cities overseas are brought close to you by telephone.

Every day go messages vital to the interests of nations, the course of international business, and the affairs of individuals.

Great progress has been made in the past few years in extending the scope of this service, in speeding connections and in giving clear transmission. Today, more than 90% of the world's telephones are within reach of your Bell telephone.

### AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY



### Patchwork Couplets

"LET us all be of good cheer and pray."

'There are no rich men in America to-day.'

—by Atlee Pomerene and Charles M. Schwab.

"I am head of all the things I want to be head of now."

"You can't possibly have a nervous breakdown looking at a cow."

-by Al Smith and Beth Brown.

"The stage is beginning to worry me."

"I find that I can loaf very admirably."

—by Fred Astaire and E. H. Sothern.

"I want to make some money and I want to have some fun."

"I've always adored everything I have done."

-by E. L. Cord and Kay Hepburn.

"We must fight the good fight for nickel beer."

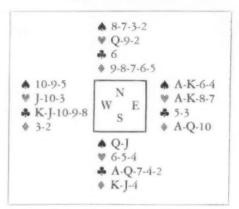
"Women had a far better time when the Indians were here."

-by H. L. Mencken and Geo. Luks.

### FASCINATING BRIDGE HANDS

NO. 7

By John C. Emery



HE last forty points are the hardest." This is the lesson to be learned from the month's most fascinating bridge hand, contributed by Mrs. Sarah B., of Augusta, Me., who was a kibitzer when the hand was played and who was the only one able at the moment to record it for posterity. The others were too overcome to reproduce it, having been rendered helpless by laughter and disgust, respectively. When the hand came along, North and South were vulnerable and had sixty points toward the rubber. Their sole wish was to win the rubber with a minimum of risk, and they governed themselves accordingly.

> Bird's-eye View of the Scene The Bidding

Pass

Pass

Pa-ass
Oh, partner!

WE E
S
Double
2 Clubs
Pass

South had played often with North as a partner, and he knew the latter's bidding timidity. He realized that he had cards to justify a bid of only one club, but he feared that North would fail to raise and that a swell chance to win the rubber might be lost. Hence, his over-strong but quite confidently made bid of two clubs. West, with nothing but clubs, was content, and North passed, too, though not without misgivings. East's double was informative, but West had a hunch that it would be more worth while to try to set the opposition than to attempt to win the contract, so he passed, filled with sinister intentions. And not even then was South much concerned about

his ability to make good on the contract.

West's first lead was the jack of hearts, and everyone let it ride through. The heart ten, also, was permitted to take a trick, and East snared the third round of the suit with his king. Confident that West had permitted the double to stand because of club strength, East then led the trey of trumps, and South let West win the

trick with his eight. On West's next lead, the ten of spades, East cashed his king, returning his ace of hearts. On this, South thought it best to discard a spade, instead of trumping, and West took advantage of the opportunity to rid himself of one of his diamonds. East now led another club, and once more South helplessly let West take the trick with a low card—the nine this time.

With South hanging on the ropes, West led his remaining diamond, and East took the trick with his ace, eturning the ten. South laid on his king in desperation but West trumped to take the trick. South took his first trick when West led a spade, permitting South to trump, and he took his second with the ace of clubs. But Wesi's club king topped South's queen, and West took the last trick with his nine of spades. South took only two of the eight tricks for which he had contracted, getting set so many points that East, the scorekeeper and a poor mathematician at best, had to figure it up four times before he got it right.

"Humph! He deserved to get set!" remarks Mrs. B., smugly. "The idea, bidding two clubs on a hand like that!"



"What? We're not playing for money? Oh, well-five no trump!"



## NOW - bristles can't come out!

HE greatest single improvement L ever made in tooth brushes".... That is our sincere judgment of PERMA-GRIP, the new Pro-phy-lac-tic invention (United States Patent No. 1472165).

B.

ie.

ıt

up

This dramatic advance ends the medical danger of loose bristles lodging in gums, throat, or lower internal organs.

The tufts of bristle are not merely fastened into the handle, but actually become a part of it! Be sure that the next tooth brush you buy gives you the advantages of this outstanding improvement.

Ask for the new Pro-phy-lac-tic, and

remember that the improved 1933 model has the word PERMA-GRIP plainly shown on the new window-type package. When you use it, you will feel how the famous Tuft really reaches and cleans the molars (back teeth). You will note how it polishes every part of every tooth. How much longer the brush lasts.

Adult size, 50¢. Youth's, for school children; also used by many grown-ups with small mouths, 35¢. Child's, for tiny teeth, 25¢. All are genuine American made throughout, sterilized, sealed in Cellophane, and must satisfy you completely or your money back.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH Co., Florence, Mass. Bristles Fastened Forever by PERMA-GRIP (U. S. PAT. 1472165)



## THE WALDORF & ASTORIA

PARK AVENUE . 49TH TO SOTH STREETS . NEW YOR

The greatness of The Waldorf-Astoria lies not only in its size . . . its prestige . . . its perfect appointments . . . but particularly in its service establishment, which caters to you, the individual . . . your every preference and desire. On residential Park Avenue . . . at the heart of the smart world of clubs, churches, shops, theatres.

Price \$2.00

Volume 11" x 14" in size,

finely bound in stiff

board covers. Contains

many pages of cartoons,

as well as humorous

writings dealing with some of the most timely topics of the day.



### Percy Crosby

Cartoons

Humor

Percy Crosby, Publisher McLean, Virginia

Enclosed please find \$2.00 for which send me copy of "Always Belittlin'."

Name

Address

### Things You'd Never Know Unless We Told You

Installment No. 3

IF you want to give an elephant an oil bath, you have to use eight gallons of oil for the job.

An average of seven sets of false teeth are left every day in the trains of the Southern Railway of England.

The Wisconsin Plumbers' Association adopted a resolution asking plumbers' assistants to please shave regularly.

Women buy sixty-five per cent of the men's neckwear sold in the United States.

A baby does not laugh at the discomfiture or embarrassment of others until it is ten months old.

Several colleges in the United States are older than the United States, to wit: Harvard, William and Mary, Yale, Princeton, Washington and Lee, Columbia, Rutgers, Salem, Transylvania.

The five-day work week was used by the Hittites and Assyrians four thousand years ago.

The Prince of Wales and Prince George can both knit.

The most talkative woman member of the English Parliament in the present session has spoken only one sixth as many words as the most talkative man.

-W. E. Farbstein.

### SEPTEMBER SOLUTION

A	P	E	0		S	E	P	T	E	M	0	E.	R	П
R	0	L	E	Ш	0	8	E	Y		D	A	V	1	T
C	0	M	M	A		8	A	R	В	1	T	1	D	E
Н	L		A	R	M		L	0	0	P		L	E.	A
		U	N	D	E	R		S	0	L	D		5	M
M	A	7	0	0	L	1	14		M	0	0	R		S
A	1	L		R	0	S	E	S		D	R	1	F	T
6	R	A	D		N	E	W	E	L		A	В	L	E
1	S	5	U	E		5	T	E	E	D		8	A	R
C		н	A	M	S		S	P	A	R	R	0	W	S
1	5		L	1	P	S		5	P	0	0	7		
A	P	T		T	1	P	S		5	0	В		M	S
2	E	A	R		2	U	L	L		P	1	L	0	T
5	A	L	A	D		R	E	E	0		7	0	T	E
	R	E	M	A	1	7	0	E	R		S	P	E	W

## Clever girl, Clarissa \_but who cares?

W

al-

ilse ins

nd.

ciaing

ave

the ted

lisiers

ites

to ale,

Conia.

sed our

nce

ber

the one ka-

TEAMSTERS

S

 You may hide a whale of a brain under your hat, but if that hat is dowdy-wee to you. Your torso may conceal a heart of gold—but better be sure it also flaunts a



- to know that how you look oftentimes overshadows what you are. It may Vogue is old enough and wise enough becoming frock. be wrong-but so are a lot of other existing conditions. • Don't sit back and worry about it—just swing into action. Step one—coupon
  - signing. Step two—enjoyable trips through Vogue (lovelier and brighter than ever, if we may be permitted to say so). Then shopping which eliminates errors and includes just those few right clothes and accessories which can make you feel like a new person. Feeling is believing. Believing is half the battle. The other half is Vogue.

# SPECIAL: 10 ISSUES OF VOGUE \$2

	SPECIAL:	10 ISSUES	OF VOUBLI	CATIONS	. INC.
	- HE C	ONDÉNA	ST PUBLI NUE, NE	w	
YOGUE	E X I N G	sclosing \$2 for 10	issues of Vogue.		L.M. 10.33
Name_					
Address	3				

## SELECT THIS HOTEL

### FOR YOUR AUTUMN VISIT TO NEW YORK

When you come to the "first city of the world" for business or pleasure or both, be sure to enjoy the added pleasure of living in the new, smart center of New York . . . at the modern Hotel Montclair. The Montclair is adjacent to all the railroad and important bus terminals, the better shops and the glamorous theatrical district. It offers you every comfort at rates that are surprisingly moderate.



800 Rooms . . . Each with Bath, Shower, Radio

SINGLE from \$2.50 to \$5.00 per day Weekly from \$15.00

DOUBLE from \$3.50 to \$6.00 per day Weekly from \$21.00

## HOTEL MONTCLAIR

LEXINGTON AVE. AT 49TH ST., N. Y. C.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	8	2	10	11	12	13	14
1.5	+	+	+	+	+		П	16	+	+	+	+	+	+
17	+	+	+	+			ı	80		18	+	+	+	+
19	+		1	20	21			2.2	23			24	+	+
25	+	0	26				27				28	0	29	+
	C	30							-		31	32		
33	34				35	36		37	38		39		40	
	41			42				43		44		-	1	
	45						46		47					OF STREET
48			0	49						-		50	-	51
52			53					0		.0	54			
	0	55		56		57	Г	58		50				
60	61	0	62		43		64		65				66	
67	$\vdash$	48	0	69							6	70		
71						72				73				

### HORIZONTAL

- 1. Something funny about this.
- 8. Fly catchers.
- 15. Cut up.
- 16. A first appearance.
- 17. Furnish provisions.
- 18. Gets about quickly.
- 19. This is near beer.
- 20. This goes up in balloons.
- 22. A man on the watch.
- 24. More than one of this make dregs.
- 25. What is must be.
- 26. A point off north.
- 29. What most city folks live on (Abbr.).
- 30. This is is not as is.
- 31. A current type.
- 33. Listen here!
- 35. Something dismal often coming after
- 39. A good roe in a fishing boat.
- 41. Pretty terrible in law.
- 43. A good anti.
- 45. Big stiff in a white shirt.
- 47. A sucker.
- 48. One thing you're pretty sure to get.
- 49. What the above diagram represents.
- 50. A little thing in barrels.
- 52. Something in the stag line.
- 54. A netting.
- 55. Not very bright.
- 59. The beginning of a tan in China.
- 60. A perfect condition.
- 62. This is ruled.
- 66. Written addition.
- 67. This hunts cats by night.
- 69. Big Washington gas-man.
- 70. Witch's companion.
- 71. A bread maker.
- 72. Health resort.
- 73. Usually high.

### VERTICAL

- 1. This snow leaves you numb.
- 2. Semi-precious stones.
- 3. Deal out.
- 4. All the rage
- 5. A ship's bearings.
- 6. There you are.
- 7. Practically nothing.
- 8. Sure to have an effect. 9. This is optional.
- 10. Asinine remarks.
- 11. A complete transformation.
- 12. In the wrong.
- 13. Cotton packings.
- 14. Iced.
- 21. This has a lot of Daughters (Abbr.)
- 23. Half-past.
- 26. These are egged on.
- 27. A digger.
- 28. Sample.
- 30. Hovered.
- 32. Always up to scratch.
- 34. A way to get along.
- 35. Object.
- 36. A dangerous crossing.
- Indication of similarity.
- 38. Old stuff.
- 40. Painful subjects.
- 42. Skip.
- Found around pigs. 46. Easily made a monkey of.
- 48. Something queer about this.
- 51. Familiar haunts.
- 53. Free.
- 54. At your wits' end.
- 56. No more than this.
- 57. Containers.
- 58. Facts of the case.
- 59. A woody plant.
- 61. Nobody's friend.
- 63. What one sees in you.
- 64. Pile.
- 65. And there you go.
  66. A critic's favorite function.
- 68. A parental influence.
- 70. Firm.

## FOR FIFTY YEARS

LIFE has crusaded against the ills of the world—with humor, criticism and satire. Always in good taste, it has built a firm foundation in the hearts and minds of countless people.

This responsive audience has contributed more than \$600,000.00 to LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund. It has contributed more than \$50,000.00 to LIFE'S vigorous campaign for repeal of Prohibition.

LIFE has increased this audience



A direct color photograph of the stained glass panel in Life's office

100,000 by publishing UNIVERSITY, a new magazine edited by college people for college people.

This class audience of 200,000 can be reached through the advertising pages of LIFE and UNIVERSITY at a rate far below other class publications. We claim 200,000 actively intelligent and financially able readers, and more than a million who see the magazines on public reading tables.

JOSEPH A. McDonough

LIFE MAGAZINE INCORPORATED 60 E. 42nd Street, New York City

### THE MOVIES

As Seen By Harry Evans



HEN Metro, Goldwyn (who
is not even with
them any more)
and Mayer sent me
the advance publicity on Dinner At
Eight I says to myself, "So, it's gonna

be one of those." Under the item marked "Cast" were the following headlines: Marie Dressler, John Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Lionel Barrymore, Billie Burke, Lee Tracy, Jean Harlow, Edmund Lowe, Madge Evans, May Robson, Karen Morley, Jean Hersholt, Louise Closser Hale, Grant Mitchell, Phoebe Foster . . . but why go

on? It didn't make sense. I mean to say, you could make six pictures with those names, and still have enough left to fill Winchell's Monday column.

It would have made anybody suspicious, and when I got my invitation to the New York premier of the film, I was certain. The invitation said,

"You Are Invited For Dinner At Eight—And for that matter for Dinner At Seven, on account of before the picture is shown, Metro, Goldwyn (who is not—but I told you before) and Mayer are throwing A party at the Astor Hotel for the Press and Relatives."

That, as nearly as I can remember, was the way the invitation (engraved. I felt it) read. Well, sir, the capital "A" got me. But it says to myself (it's a habit), "I'll go to their — party, but I won't drink their cocktails, and will I

kick the hell out of their — — picture."

The dinner was very nice. But I was just that much more convinced that the picture would be terrible. Why? All right—I'll talk . . .

Whenever a Hollywood producer buys a story at a fancy price, and then discovers that his judgment was (as usual) swayed by some outside influence (named Mamie or Tillie) he has one of two methods of breaking even. Either he must sell the story to some fellow producer, or use it himself. Both courses cost dough. To sell it he must (1) give a large party and get several producers tight, (2) hire a high pressure agent to dispose of the manuscript to a rival, (3) do both.

To use it himself he must "build it up" with names for box office appeal.

And when they cast *Dinner At Eight*, Marie Dressler, Wallace Beery, Jean Harlow and two Barrymores were among the nominations. Well, figure it out for yourself.

So I was prepared for the usual spectacle of a flock of stars trying to hog scenes and make the most of their infrequent appearances. For instance, John Barrymore has only three real

scenes in the film. Go back a few

And the second s

"Would you please glance at the Paramount and tell us what's playing there?"

months and let's see what would have happened if a producer had offered John Barrymore a rôle in which he played only three scenes . . .

"What! John Barrymore appearing in only three scenes! Preposterous!"

"Please, Mr. Barrymore. If you'll do it you can stick your face *inside* the camera in every scene—profile first."

"James—Mr. Blotz's hat and stick."
(And what with the N. R. A. probably two men would have appeared

when Mr. Barrymore said, "James.")

Dinner At Eight presents stars of the first magnitude doing odd jobs. This does not particularly apply to Mr. Barrymore, because what he has to do is important, while it lasts. But May Robson (who plays a cook, with about six lines to speak), Edmund Lowe, Phoebe Foster and Karen Morley have so little to do that it seems ridiculous.

N

50

L

M

1

th

ye

ar

ar

ye

m

ho

W

hi

di

pi

th

3

ot

UE

Li

11

So, as I said before, it was natural to suppose that every member of the cast would overact in an effort to appear important. Do they? They do not, Why? For two reasons. The first is that Hollywood is experiencing a rush of brains to the head. That temperamental stuff is out. The second is George Cukor. He is one of the few directors who have enough stuff on the ball to handle such a cast. A lot of fuss has been made about Clyde Beatty going into a cage of mixed lions and tigers.

That's a breeze compared with a director going ento a set with mixed Barrymores, Harlows and Beerys.

What I'm trying to say is that Dinner At Eight is swell movie—that the Big Names behave beautifully—and that Mr. Cukor's direction is swell.

The story is too complicated to explain, and why should I? With that cast you'd see the picture anyhow. But if you happened to see the Broadway play of the same name last year I can promise you this. The film is better entertainment.

TO say you did not like a picture featuring Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery would be almost sacrilegious, but I've got to say it. Tugboat Annie, in my opinion, is just another movie. What it would have been without Miss Dressler and Mr. Beery is hard to say.

In fact it's impossible to say in a magazine that has to go through the mails.

I'm not blaming the cast and I'm not blaming director Mervyn LeRoy, but the person who picked this one out, and passed on the dialog ought to have his head examined.

When I told this to a motion picture executive he said, "The trouble with you critics is that you always compare pictures with others in which the stars have appeared." In this case it was Min And Bill. Recall that one? The thought never occurred to me. The two pictures are not in the same class.

es.")

rs of

jobs. Mr.

May

bout

owe,

have

lous.

ural

the

ap-

not.

hat

h of

catal

orge

C'OFS

Il to

has

oing

gers.

ared

onto

ores.

ay is

well

unes

that

apli-

why

cast

any-

ened

y of

ar I

The

ent.

not

fea-

and

31-

ve

nie,

her

ler

лу.

gails.

not

but

ut,

ive

ble m-

the

vas

1

But if you were as disappointed as I was with *Tugboat Annie*, and want to recompense yourself by witnessing a character performance worthy of Miss Dressler's more inspired moments, see *Lady For A Day*. May Robson is simply superb.

Which reminds me of the fortunes of a movie actress. Take Dinner At Light and Lady For A Day. In the first May Robson is a cook for two scenes. In the second she is the lady for a day.

In addition to Miss Robson's work, the film's assets include Damon Runyon's swell dialog, and fine performances by Guy Kibbe, Warren William and Ned Sparks. From these names you would think it was a Warner Brothers picture. It isn't. The film was made by Columbia Pictures, and this is how President Harry Cohn gets away with it. First he selects a story that suits him. Then he goes around to the studios who have players on contract and picks suitable stars who are not working at the moment. In this way Harry gets the best players without having to keep a mess of them on contract, and the other studios get an income from their unemployed help.

Lady For A Day is an example of how well this method can work. It is one of the best pictures in months.

The one theatre in New York that doesn't seem to want to give me passes is The Mayfair. The last four films I saw there were Savage Gold, The Faithful Heart, Police Call, and I Have Lived. No wonder they want to keep critics out of the place.

And as a parting thought. Don't miss Three Cornered Moon if you enjoy a hugh. Mary Boland is even funnier in this one than she was in Mama Loves Papa.



(For further notes see "Stop & Go" service on the next page.)



• A consultation with Mr. Charles Pierre and an inspection of some of the many attractively appointed suites will convince you of the desirability of making your winter home at this distinguished address, where the precise, efficient Pierre service replaces the many inconveniences of housekeeping.

On Fifth Avenue, overlooking the Park, the Pierre is a quiet and luxurious home from which you can step directly forth into the busy whirl of shops and theatres.



Famous restaurants including The Pierre Roof, The Georgian Room and the fascinating Neptune Orill, as well as the service available at any hour in the rooms, are under the personal supervision of Mr. Charles Pierre, whose reputation as a restaurateur is unsurpassed. A famous orchestra plays nightly for those who enjoy Dinner and Supper Dancing, with entertainment.

Rooms, single or En Suite for a Day or a Year

## Hotel Pierre

### ★ ★ FLAVOR Please Come Home



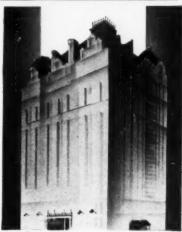
IT'S high time wives were told how husbands miss A. I. Sauce at home—how they yearn for its savory flavor when beans, cheese dishes and stews are on the family bill of fare! A. I. Sauce is man's favorite restaurant relish on fish, steaks

and roasts. Just a sprinkle adds "dining out" zest to home-cooked foods. Recipes with every bottle. A. 1. Sauce is sold by all grocers and delicatessens — ask for it in restaurants, too.

G. F. Heublein & Bro. Hartford, Conn.







## BellevueStratford

is a home-in-Philadelphia... not only for those who enjoy residence here the year 'round but as well for the many who return to the Bellevue again and again. In the heart of the business and financial district, only a few minutes from the best in concerts, plays, football—the Bellevue-Stratford combines accessibility with quiet luxury... May we offer you Bellevue-Stratford hospitality?... at 1933 low prices of course.

CLAUDE H. BENNETT, Genl. Mgr.

PHILADELPHIA



### "STOP & GO" SERVICE

A Symposium of Criticism

by Don Herold, Harry Evans, and Kyle Crichton

### DRAMA

(Some of these shows are in New York. some on the road, and some may be closed by now. And others may have opened since we went to press, Consult your newspaper.)

A Party. Mrs. Pat Campbell does an imitation of Mrs. Pat Campbell and Lora Baxter gives us a rough idea of Tallulah Bankhead, but Cissie Loftus tops them both with an imitation of Ethel Barrymore.

- Dangerous Corner. J. B. Priestley shakes a mean family tree.
- Dinner at Eight. Almost more human interest than you can stand in one evening, with not enough George Kaufman. (See what Harry Evans says about the movie version.)
- Music In The Air. We'll tell every little star that this is a heavenly musical
- One Sunday Afternoon. What happens when you take a sore tooth to a dentist who recognizes you as his old boyhood playmate who swiped his sweetheart.

Take a Chance. Those maniacs, Olsen and Johnson, seem straight-jacketed in this musical show which was written originally for two other fellows, but World's Fair crowds like it.

### MOVIES

Pictures marked (X) not suitable for children.

Bitter Sweet (Anna Neagle—Fernand Graavey)—Mild British screen version of the Noel Coward musical. The lovely Miss Neagle, and the virile Mr. Graavey handicapped by direction which stresses refined restraint until it becomes syrupy. Singing is passable. Credit—Clifford Heatherly for swell character performance.

Captured (Leslie Howard—Doug. Fairbanks, Jr.)—Yellow to me because it's another war picture. Green to you, if you like 'em. Great finish in break from German prison camp.

- Dinner At Eight (Dressler—Beery— Harlow—and 2 Barrymores)—Grand adult show, but why tell you? You'd see it anyhow with that cast.
- Faithful Heart (Herbert Marshall— Edna Best)—British made film, so awful it's funny. Marshall never appeared to worse advantage—and Best is none too good.

Flying Devils (Ralph Bellamy—Arline Judge—Eric Linden)—Good results for the money spent. Flying circus story. Jealous husband plans destruction of young flyer. Youngster's brother plays hero in head-on crash with villain. Lady For A Day (May Robson—Warren Williams)—"Apple" Annie, Broadway mendicant, raises daughter abroad in ignorance of mother's social station. Girl decides to return with titled man she is to marry. A Broadway big shot gambler and his mob help Annie play lady to save her pride and the girl's romance. Real pathos—swell laughs—excellent performances. Miss Robson is superb.

Man From Monterey (John Wayne—Ruth Hall—Louis Alberni)—Western. Above average in production. Dialog obviously written for kids (and maybe by one). Alberni shows rare taste in amusing female impersonation bit.

Moonlight And Pretzels (Leo Carillo—Lillian Miles—Mary Brian—Roger Pryor)—Backstage musical, produced inexpensively in east under the Brice-Rowland banner. Three nice tunes—pretty gals—surprisingly good photography. Not a 42nd Street, but good entertainment.

- Morning Glory (Katharine Hepburn Doug. Fairbanks, Jr.—Adolphe Menjou) Theatrical career story . . . local-girl-makes-big-in-good-city (or how does it go?). Miss Hepburn is still the class of the rising stars. Excellent support. Criticisms—continuity lapses, and incidental music that drowns out lines.
- Paddy, The Next Best Thing (Janet Gaynor—Warner Baxter)—The usual Gaynor sugar, with an Irish brogue for extra whimsy. (Gaynor fans fill in Green. All others, Red.)
- Police Call (Nick Stuart—Merna Kennedy)—Unfair to judge players by this sort of stuff. Must have taken all of a week to make it.

The Power And The Glory (Spencer Tracy—Colleen Moore) (X)—Technique called "narratage" employed. Picture starts at its logical end and works backward as narrator describes life of the main character. Interesting, well-acted. Not as new or startling as ads proclaim. Unhappy domestic theme. Credit—Miss Moore, in first step of come-back.

Sing—Sinner, Sing (Paul Lukas—Leila Hyams)—Slipshod effort to cater to morbid curiosity with a story obviously meant to recall unpleasant events of the Libby Holman-Smith Reynolds affair. Naming character "Renden" is one of the trashy tipoffs. Credit—Ruth Donnelly, for comedy under handicap.

Tarzan The Fearless (Buster Crabbe)
—Warning. This is a serial. (They
forgot to mention it when it was
shown at the Roxy. I knew it but had
to go anyhow.) Padded jungle stuff.

Will suffer by inevitable comparison to the Weissmuller *Tarzan*. Oke for juvenile trade in second-run theatres.

Three-Cornered Moon (Mary Boland
—Claudette Colbert—Richard Arlen). See reviews.

Tugboat Annie (Marie Dressler-Wallace Beery)—See reviews.

Turn Back The Clock (Lee Tracy—Mae Clark)—Man says, "Wish I could live my life over again." Has an accident. While under anaesthetic goes back to 1910, in ether dream, and gets his wish. In this dream-squence he marries the other girl—does all the other things he thought would improve his life. Pretty amusing stuff.

TH

mo

Ou

tru

abo

alir

the

bec

AN

trut

1

11

like

issu

T

G

C

for

subs

it.

Voltaire (George Arliss)—As usual, Mr. Arliss is worth your money—but the producers tried a bit too hard to re-create the "Disraeli" atmosphere. Revolutionary scenes, stuck in for the dear old public, are out of step, and detract from the nicely restrained tempo of dialog and action.

You Made Me Love You. (Stanley Lupino—Thelma Todd)—Haven t seen this one, but reports from England indicate it's packed with laughs. Good comedies are scarce, so be on the lookout.

### BOOKS

Harlequin of Death by Sidney Horler (Little, Brown). Worst mystery of the month.

Heavy Weather by P. G. Wodehouse (Little, Brown). Bolshevik propaganda directed against the British ruling classes. Shameful. . . . But funny.

Irish Slummy by Pat O'Mara (Vanguard). Life in a Liverpool tenement told by a man who has suddenly turned into a fine writer. May be too realistic for you, but don't miss it. Mellon's Millions by Harvey O'Connor (John Day). In which Mr. Mellon gets socko and also zowie. Should get the Pulitzer Prize but won't.

Ogpu by Essad-Bey (Viking). The Viking Press should be ashamed of itself.

Peter Abelard by Helen Waddell (Holt). A re-telling of the old story of Heloise and Abelard. Very good, if you care for the subject.

The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas (Harcourt, Brace). Gertrude Stein writes the story of her life.

The Clock Ticks On by Valentine Williams (Houghton-Mifflin). Scotland Yard comes to Amurrica and gets its man in the N.Y. underworld. Best mystery of the month.

The Farm by Louis Bromfield (Harper's). Longest introduction to a novel ever written. In fact, no novel at all. But very warming.

The Fault of Angels by Paul Horgan (Harper's). The Harper's prize novel.

The First World War, edited by Laurence Stallings (Simon-Schuster). Superb pictorial history of the war, sparing nothing—and curing nothing.

## ". . . and nothing but the truth"

THAT'S what you will find in this month's issue—or any other issue—of REAL AMERICA, "The Outspoken Magazine."

The truth about politics, the truth about finance, the truth about national affairs and personalities, and the many problems that are now vexing the soul of a bedeviled nation.

Fearless, outspoken, REAL AMERICA dares to print the truth about anything or anybody.

its frankness will startle you.

Its daring will invigorate you like a cold, refreshing shower.

It is a much discussed magazine—circulation has increased every issue—and you should know about it.

There's no other magazine like it.

Get a copy today and see.

Or send a dollar to the publisher for a special five months' trial subscription. Address:

### REAL AMERICA

1050 N. LaSalle St., Chicago

Look for the Red-White-and-Blue Cover



On Display at All News Stands

### Number Ple-uz?

THE human brain, scientists now maintain, consists of a complicated series of "telephone lines." The number of these is represented by the figure one plus fifteen million ciphers. Figuring another way, it would take some ten-odd closely printed three-hundred-and-fifty-page volumes just to write this number down. Figuring another way this is more than twice the number of people waiting in front of a telephone booth when you're in a hurry to put through a call.

Now let us take the brain of the average woman driver. The phone lines in her brain, which combine to make her put out her hand when making a left turn, can, let us say, be represented by the figure 1 plus five hundred thousand ciphers-or, to make it a little clearer, the figure 1,000,000 plus four hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-four ciphers. (This doesn't make it much clearer, but it is .000006% of a step in the right direction.) Now, of these, it is safe to say that fifty per cent are flashing the busy signal. This leaves one plus 250,-000 ciphers.—The class will now be given a five minute rest.

Everybody back? O. K. Of the remaining lines, another fifty per cent are presumably closed for repairs. This leaves one plus 125,000 ciphers. Now of these (don't get restless; we're going as fast as we can) another fifty per cent have undoubtedly been temporarily disconnected for non-payment of back charges.—Leaving one plus 62,500 ciphers. Once more we cut this number in half to allow for lines that she is saving for a rainy day. (Some women put their hands out more frequently on rainy days, although it is probably to see how hard it is raining.)-Leaving one plus 31,250 ciphers.-New paragraph to give the

reader encouragement.—

We now deduct another fifty per

cent for lines distracted by voile dress seen in shop window, leaving one plus 15,625 ciphers. Again we slice our number in half to account for lines which are out to lunch, and we now have one plus 8,312 and one half ciphers. Of these 8,312 are preoccupied with whether she ought to include the Higginses for the party Thursday night, leaving her one plus half a cipher for putting out her hand. After all, what's half a cipher against

an original fifteen million? Now, at

last, you know why accidents happen.

-Parke Cummings.



Economical. Pure. Whip around to your grocer or druggist and buy a bottle. It flavors a gallon. W. A. Taylor & Co., 12 Vestry St., N. Y.

## RED LION

GIN and other FLAVORS



Songchamps

NEW YORK CITY

423 Madison Avenue 19-21 West 57th Street
Bet. 48th & 49th Streets Near Fifth Avenue
1015-17 Madison Ave., Bet. 78th & 79th Sts.
40 East 49th Street 28 West 58th Street
Bet. Madison & Vanderbilt Aves. off Fifth Ave.
55 Fifth Avenue, North-east Cor. 12th St.
All Restaurants Longchamps are open daily including
Sundays and all Helidays for Breakfast, Luncheon,
Afternoon Tea and Dinner from 7.00 A.M. to 11 P.M.

Here's for a Smoother Drink!

Special Offer

Regular 50c bottle for 25c (stamps or coin). Address: Abbott's Bitters, L-10, Baltimore, Md.

Cocktails, highballs, ginger ale or any long cold drink tastes better with Abbott's! Abbott's brings out the flavor . . and adds a flavor of its own. Try it!

abbotts

### THE WOMAN'S SLANT

Hip-Hip-Hurrah!

THE 400 of the fashionists met at a high tea in the eerie Empire State Club to hold a silhouette forum. Whether to go Mae West or to stay maca-

roni-shaped, tall, slim and tubular? The Westians won. Any mode which makes it fun for a woman to live after 40 (for the West styles are mature modes): which enables a woman to display the luscious curves and hand-

some physique she has been building up with athletics and exercise; and which is stimulating to stores and manufacturers, is a good mode. The silhouette forum agreed to embrace the Mae West trend, hip, bust and bustle.

### Show Your Face . . . .

After several seasons when hats have blocked one eye, shut off the most of the forehead, covered one cheek and presented an oblique section referred to as a face, milliners have again come to their senses, and are encouraging a youthful appearance once again with off-the-face hats. Lilly Dache, one of New York's sprightly Madison Avenue milliners, is the pioneer who freed the forehead and eyes of dipping brims. Her little halo hats are young and charming. She makes the

lady and grand-dame kind of hat, too, but who wouldn't rather look bewitchingly young in a Dache halo?

### Marionettes

A bright young fellow named Joseph H. Buck has devised the Christmas present your children will be clamoring for. It's an honest-to-goodness circusette. A tent of red-and-white checked

gingham; animals hand-carved and painted on wood, and all suspended on strings which are worked from the back, like a real Marionette show. A book of directions and dialogue for the performers comes with the outfit which is called Buck's Circus and is sold at Saks-Fifth Ave., and the F.A.O. Schwarz toy stores.

### Are You Wearing

Bright dahlias or lovely Iris blooming large and life-like from the front of your dress . . . a muff and collarette of monkey fur . . . Ne-flex stockings which never have let a knee poke through yet because of their lastex

MAE: Do your exercises, dearie; you'll get there.

thread... are you scenting your clothes with sachet... and taking Swiss pine baths, scented with oil of Alpine pines... do you look like Theda Bara, tall and tubular, or do you bulge and billow like Mae West? You have your choice of either.... Have you succumbed to the new rounded bustline? We hope not. We think that line should be pointed ever upwards. Are you wearing pearls with sports clothes? You should be.

#### Let It Rain

When a woman can walk out into the rain in a velvet suit and hat, and after a pleasant stroll, come back dry as a bone, without a spot on her costume-that's Neva-wet news. This new process is one that is causing umbrella makers and raincoat manufacturers sleepless nights, for it seems to be the third miracle that has come to pass in this fabric age. The first was synthetic yarns; the second, lastex; the third, Neva-wet processing against rain and perspiration. There's something pretty staggering in this thumbing one's nose at the elements. We have cold licked, with our steam and electric heating; we have warmth mastered with our cooled, conditioned air. And now we have finally climbed on top of the rain situation with Neva-wet fabrics.

### This Month's Madnesses

Ri

Isn't

your

comi

Here

view

tion

prisi

Wha

two

tainl

Hors

Sout

Arch

Ame

quic

But

Cav

ing.

reitf

Send

forg

Detachable gold and silver fingernails to wear over one's own nails. (Abercrombie & Fitch)

Contact lenses which slip into the eye instead of glasses worn over the nose. (Haustetter)

Men's paper collars, to wear once and throw away. (Macy's)

Skimpy-Scanties, a corset, brassière, panties and petticoat all in one to wear under sheath-like gowns.

Living Clothes for men, which are lastexthread men's suits, needing no pressing because the elasticity of their weave bounces them right back into place.

### Gloves Go Goofey

The left hand still knows what the right hand is doing in this season's gloves, but the back of the hand and the palm

are practically strangers. Steinberger Brothers, whose gloves are designed by Chanut and by Patou, have a droll but handsome assortment of palms of glacé kid, capeskin or antelope, with backs of velvet, corduroy or woolens. The newest stunt in gloves is that of a false cuff which buttons on. It is contrasting in color and fabric. A brown suède glove buttons itself to a false cuff of plaid velvet and thus makes an ensemble.

—T. W. S.



out into at, and

ack dry ner coshis new

mbrella acturers be the pass in nthetic third.

in and

pretty

's nose

licked.

eating;

th our

ow we

he rain

nesses

l and

wear.

nails.

Fitch)

which

nstead er the

ars, to

throw

a cor-

es and

ne to

h-like

for

astex-

need-

cause

their

right

still

right

s sea-

palm

erger

d by

but glacé

acks The

uède

F of

en-

## rest and RELAX

### Where Sea Breezes Rustle the Pines

Isn't it about time you cleared the last depression cobwebs out of your brain, and put yourself in shape for the good things that are

Here's the ideal place to get away from the old routine and acquire a fresh point of view. Every facility for a really restful vacation is waiting for you, and the cost is surprisingly low.

What sports do you like? Golf? Here are two splendid 18-hole courses. Tennis? Certainly, on courts kept in championship trim. Horseback riding? Choose your pedigreed Southern mount, and ride through rustling pines over the rolling Virginia countryside. Archery and trapshooting too; and one of America's finest beaches for a sun-bath or a quick refreshing dip.

But sports are only half the story. The Cavalier is famous for fine Southern cooking. Soft beds invite complete relaxation, and gentle pine-scented breezes lull you to sound restful sleep.

### LOWERED RATES

(Both American and European Plans)

Send today for the booklet that tells you all about this famous Southern resort. Come for a week or longer, on a vacation you'll never

### The

## CAVALIER

Virginia Beach, Va.

SIDNEY BANKS Managing Director

### Life's Fresh Air Fund

Life's Fresh Air Fund has been in operation for the past forty-six years. In that time it has expended over \$600,000 and has provided more than 56,000 country vacations

more than 36,000 country vacations for poor city children.

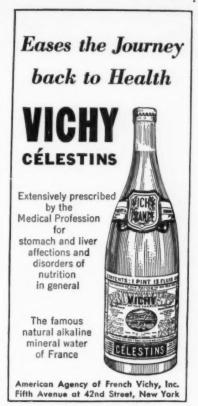
Fifteen dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded city.

Contributions should be made payable to Life's Fresh Air Fund, and sent to 60 East 42nd Street, New York City. York City.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

ACKNOWLEDGMEN	
Previously acknowledged	\$11,371.97
Abbot, Mrs. E. W., Washington,	
	1.00
Conn.	
A. E. L., Quebec, Can	20.00
Baldwin, Mrs. James Marks,	
Paris, France.	20.00
Chapin, S. B., Jr., New York	
City	5.00
Collord, Mrs. C. A., New Ro-	2.00
Colloid, Mis. C. A., New Ro-	7.00
chelle, N. Y	7.00
Crowell, B. D., East Orange,	
N. J	10.00
Daniels, Dr. C. D., Philadel-	
phia, Pa	1.00
"Dolly, Bill and Dick"	
Dolly, bill and Dick	15.00
Eddy, E. Penniman, Haute Sa-	
voie, France	15.00
Eggleston, Mrs. Percy C., New	
London, Conn	1.50
Farr, H. Bartow, New York,	1.70
Part, H. Battow, New Tork,	25.00
N. Y	25.00
Fowler, Madeleine H., Washington, D. C	
ington, D. C	20.00
Fox, Mrs. Charles Y., Wynne- wood, Pa.	
wood Pa	5.00
C-l- M- C-l H- '-l-l M	
Gaba, Mrs. Sol, Hannibal, Mo.	1.00
Grant, Dr. Samuel B., St. Louis,	
Mo	1.00
Hardey, Dr. Chas. M., Wil-	
mington, Del	1.00
Harton, Frank J., Philadelphia,	1.00
Harton, Frank J., Philadelphia,	
Pa	1.50
Helen, Jack & Peter	1.00
Howland, H. B., New Bedford,	
Mass	1.00
Imlay, L. E., Niagara Falls,	
at W	5.00
N. Y	5.00
In Memory of Mary	50.00
Lee, J. C., Lookout Mountain,	
Tenn	1.00
MacIver, Dr. G. A., Worcester,	
Mass	1.25
Maier, Molly, Seneca Falls,	****
	2.00
N. Y	2.00
Miles, Mrs., Fort Hoyle, Md	15.00
Packard, Mrs. Geo., Villa Nova,	
Pa	15.00
Palmer, Mrs. T. R., Erie, Pa	15.00
Rayburn, James R., Overbrook,	12.00
Pa	1.00
S. B. M	10.00
Shy, Gus, New York, N. Y	1.00
Shy, Gus, New York, N. Y Smith, William J., New York,	
N. Y	1.00
Steele W/ W/ No Contra	1.00
Steele, W. W., No. Canton,	
Ohio	1.50
The Big Sisters	50.00
Ward, Anna, Poughkeepsie,	
N. Y	1.50
Woods, Vinton T., Los Angeles, -	1.70
Calif	2.50
Calif.	2.50
Anonymous, Brooklyn, N. Y	10.00
Total \$1	1.706.72
(Further acknowledgments will	be made
nert month)	

next month)





## DADDY SAVES THE DAY









HERE is a swell idea! When the children need a laxative, don't dose them with nasty medicines! Give them Ex-Lax! It tastes like chocolate. It is gentle in action, effective in results.

Ex-Lax has been America's favorite laxative for 27 years. Try Ex-Lax yourself. Your druggist sells it. 10c, 25c.

Or write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Inc., Dept. W103, Box 170, Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



### SUCH IS LIFE!

### LETTERS

Platte", was conducting a lively campaign for the Presidency and pleading most eloquently for the "free and unlimited coinage of silver at a ratio of sixteen to one", someone produced a little poem that I think was first published in LIFE during the summer of 1896. It ran somewhat like this:

If a dollar be a dollar,

Honest coin without deceit,

One may take it, one may break it

But its value won't retreat.

Take ten dollars—take an eagle— Put it in a melting pot And the golden slug resulting Quickly sells for "ten the lot."

Now place ten dollars—silver dollars—

Place in this same melting pot, And the silver slug resulting Only sells for "five the lot."

So I'm thinking—quietly thinking— That a poor man has poor sense Who will vote to have a dollar That will shrink to fifty cents.

The predicted shrinkage to fifty cents was not realized at that time, but now that the "dancing dollar" is ap-



Harry Evans: Our favorite pan-hellerout-of-the-movies, in a whimsical mood. Posed especially for this department.

proaching nearer and nearer this low estate, might it not be an appropriate time to dust off the old files and dig out this little poem for republication?

> -John J. Lincoln Elkhorn, W. Va.

Dear LIFE: Lying in bed these many months, unable to help out with any work, LIFE has been the means of giving me plenty of joyful hours every month. I can hardly wait until my newsstand man brings over the latest issue, for it means THAT much to me. There are other magazines that help while away the time, but that's all they do. LIFE helps me to forget my troubles, and it's only this month that I wondered if I shouldn't write and tell you, giving credit where credit is due. You may not be much interested in just one steady reader's life, but I wish to impress you with what LIFE means to that steady reader.

Your publication is truly the best magazine value for those who value their magazines, and here's hoping this letter written on my portable in bed here will make you editors realize what your work really does for those outside.

Life is what you make it and you certainly MAKE it!

-Walter E. Johnson Chicago, Ill.

### PATTER

DON FREEMAN, whose lithographs (pages 16 and 17) seem to us to capture the spirit of Daumier, is twenty-four years old. He did his first litho only two years ago, and says that as far as he's concerned the young modern school can continue to paint corkscrews and bananas to their hearts' content. . . . ROBERT DAY thinks editors are peculiar: he still hasn't sold the drawing he thinks is his funniest. It's an animal gag. We admit we're peculiar, however; otherwise we wouldn't be editors. . . . LES-TER GABA had to call in an electrician to help him with this month's cover. The word LIFE is formed of flashlight bulbs and the wiring job makes a telephone cable look as simple as a set of ABC blocks. . . . JOSÉ SCHORR, who does the calendar items (page 5), is a New York lawyer. . . . And W. E. FARBSTEIN, who digs up "Things You'd Never Know Unless We Told You," is a Pittsburgh dentist.

any any iv-ery ws-sue, ere nile do. les, ou-oue, oue, im-hat

best due this bed hat ide.

nose and tof He ago, med in to ERT he inks We her-LES-cian ever. ight tele-tof who is a . E. ings Fold